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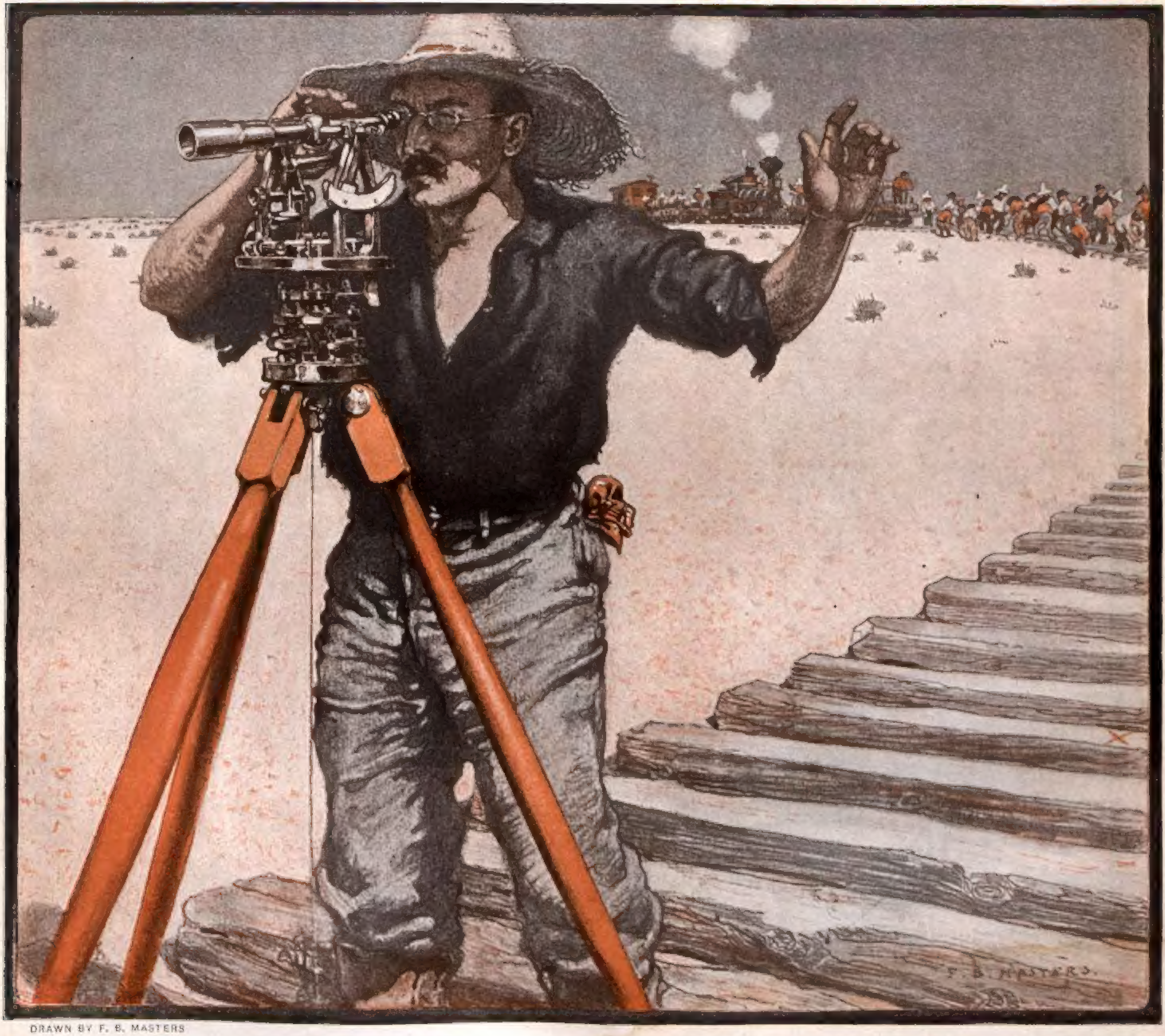


DRAWN BY F. B. MASTERS

Why a Young Man Should Vote the Republican Ticket

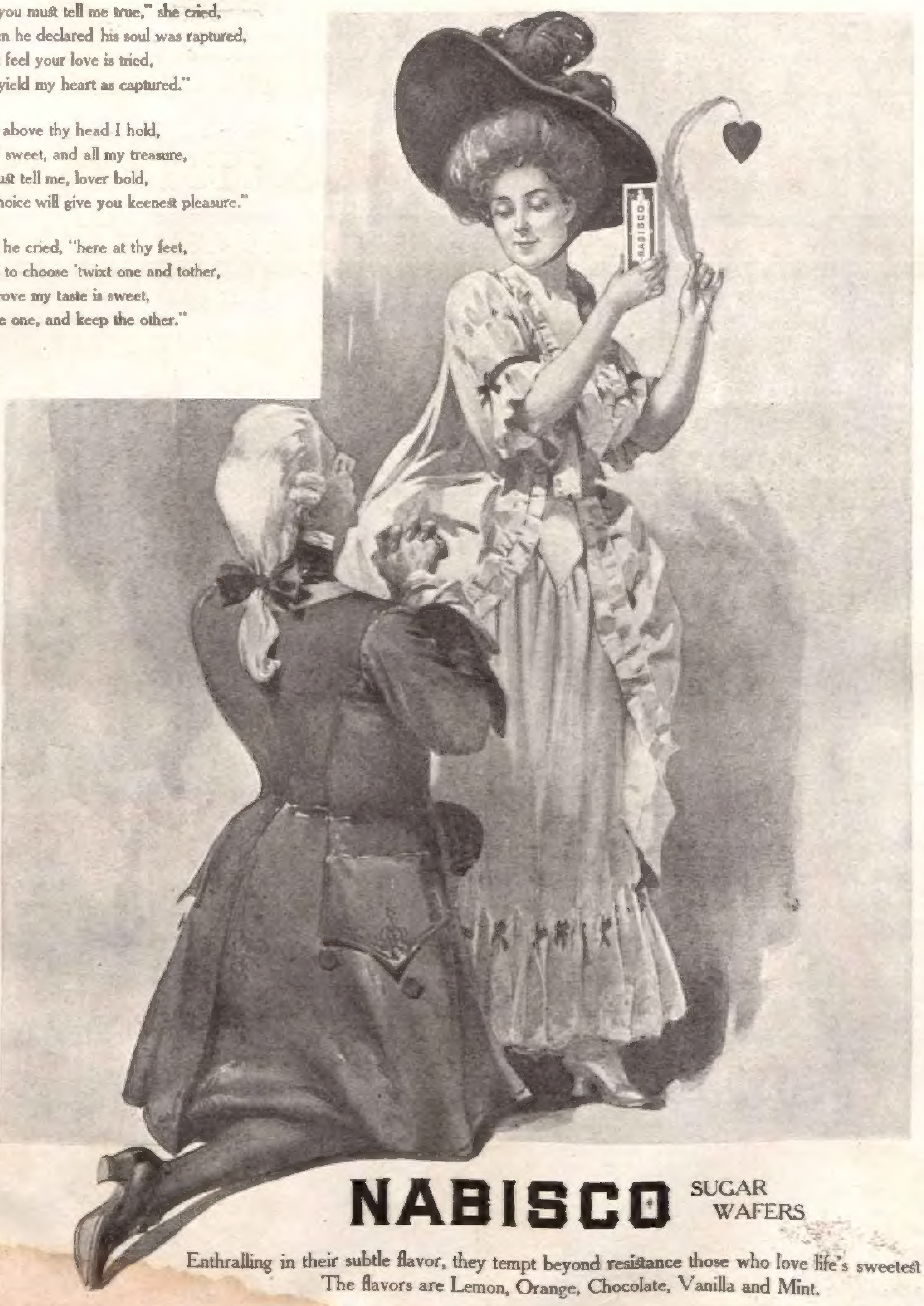
BY SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE

Beginning A Link in the Girdle—By Samuel Merwin

"NOW you must tell me true," she cried,
When he declared his soul was raptured,
"For I must feel your love is tried,
Before I yield my heart as captured."

"See! here above thy head I hold,
'Nabisco' sweet, and all my treasure,
And you must tell me, lover bold,
Which choice will give you keenest pleasure."

"Fair one," he cried, "here at thy feet,
'Tis hard to choose 'twixt one and t'other,
So just to prove my taste is sweet,
I'll eat the one, and keep the other."



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Why a Young Man Should Vote the Republican Ticket

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

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"WHY," asks the editor, "should young men vote the Republican ticket—why should they vote the Democratic ticket?"

This paper is addressed to the first of the editor's questions.

Reasons for voting the Republican ticket which apply equally to all men are logically excluded—the question is to young men only. For example, the fact that under Republican administration we are more prosperous than ever; more money in actual circulation among the people, and the standard of that money gold; our sales abroad nearly $500,000,000 a year greater than our purchases abroad; our favorable balance of trade with other nations during the seven years of Republican administration *more than ten times larger than our combined favorable balance of trade during our entire previous history;* our commerce among ourselves equal to the entire international trade of the world—in short, that great number of facts and arguments which appeal to old as well as young must be omitted, except as they illustrate reasons applicable especially to young men.

We are forbidden, too, by logic to consider the melancholy consequences that would follow the opposition's success at the polls. For example, the fact pointed out by Mr. Parker himself that we should have four years of tariff agitation without result, since a Republican Senate would defeat any purely revenue tariff bill; a similar financial agitation with similar results; the prostration of business which such conditions never fail to cause; the contradictory purposes of the opposition as to the Philippines resulting in new insurrection there, and the general complication of the great problem we are solving in the East—in short, that series of evils which the opposition's control of the Government at this particular time would produce, are excluded because these considerations are equally important to all men.

But though this paper is for men who are still young in years, it is also for men who are still young in heart and mind. It is for all men who are still capable of creative effort—for this, more even than years, is the characteristic of youth. And, too, it is for those independent ones who adopt the party of their choice instead of the party of their inheritance. Of such were the founders of the Republic: of such must be its preservers.

Editor's Note—Why a Young Man Should Vote the Democratic Ticket will be told in an early issue of the magazine by Former President Cleveland.

The Fundamental Party Divisions

I—The Party of Construction vs. The Party of Opposition

IN ALL free countries there are fundamentally two parties—the party of construction and the party of opposition: the builders and the critics. Those among the people whose instinct is to create something, plant something, make something, form one party; and those whose nature is to oppose, protest, criticise, form the other party.

In this country the party of construction is the Republican party—the party of opposition is the Democratic party. "I shall," said, in substance, Charles Francis Adams, in a speech in Boston on August 1 of the present year, "support the Democratic ticket because I wish to see the Democratic party the party of opposition." He could better have said that he would support the Democratic ticket because the Democratic party *is* "the party of opposition."

Of course, such a party is valuable, even necessary. Possibly the forces of construction would build too rapidly if the forces of opposition did not delay them. But heartily agreeing that a party of opposition has its uses, is it the party for young men? Youth is constructive. Young blood is the blood that builds. There is something so unnatural that it is uncanny in the spectacle of a young man in a state of habitual opposition.

The years of his active manhood, when his veins are full of power and purpose, are the years when in his personal life a man ought to be accomplishing something substantial, affirmative. So should he also in his political life. But who ever heard of a young man largely succeeding in anything whose life was a chronic objection, an habitual criticism?

That the Republican party has been and is the party of construction, and the Democratic party "the party of opposition," as Mr. Adams calls it, is proved by historical fact and present common knowledge. Consider examples of constructive measures of the Republican party—measures that will be instantly recognized as landmarks of American progress in the last half century, as witness:

The Homestead Law, giving practically free homes to freemen—the measure which peopled the mighty West and gave to the Republic millions of home-owning citizens; or

That historic group of measures growing out of the Civil War and immediately following it, of which the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution are the most notable; or

The National Banking Laws, by which a convenient means of supplying a uniform currency to the people was established; or

The resumption of specie payments and the consequent defeat of schemes of repudiation which would have destroyed the Nation's honor; or

The various protective tariff laws which have changed the Republic from a distinctively agricultural country to the greatest of manufacturing nations; or

The legislation and statesmanship flowing out of the Spanish War, by which the Republic acquired the most important archipelago in the Pacific Ocean, the control of the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, and has governed those acquisitions with brilliant ability; or

The great Platt Amendment, establishing our relations with Cuba and making easy the developments of the future—the most conspicuous example of constructive legislation since the Constitution was framed.

Thus we have a series of mighty creative acts, every one of which marks tremendous and permanent advances of the Republic, beginning at the very birth of the Republican party.

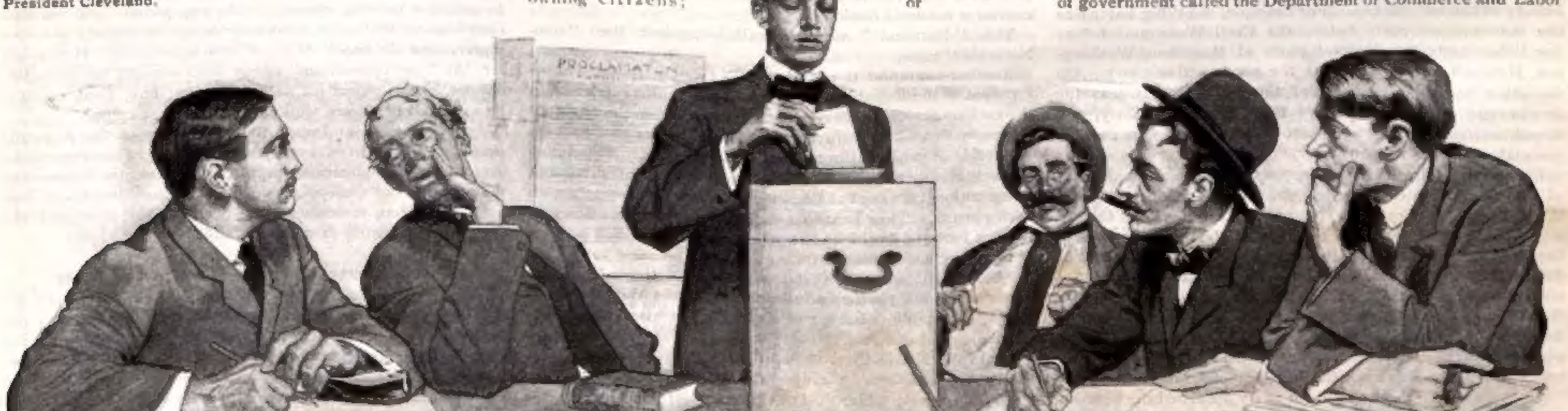
So much for the Republican party's constructive work yesterday and the day before.

Consider some of the vital activities of the Republican party during President Roosevelt's administration. For example:

First, the legislation providing for the civil government of the Philippine Islands, and under it the practical management of those invaluable Pacific possessions, unparalleled in beneficent effectiveness in the history of Oriental administration;

Second, the laws reforming the army of the United States and making the militia of the several States an effective part of it: this upon the theory that since, unfortunately, we must have an army it ought, though small, to be the very best army in the world;

Third, the laws designed to control aggregations of capital called "trusts." Of these the creation of a new department of government called the Department of Commerce and Labor



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

is the most important act since the Civil War, with the single exception of the epoch-making law drafted by Connecticut's great Senator, Orville H. Platt, establishing our relations with Cuba;

Fourth, the treaty and statute in aid thereof, establishing reciprocity with Cuba, which was not only an act of national justice and of national good business, but also an experiment in reciprocal commercial relations invaluable to our future dealings with other countries;

Fifth, the treaty and legislation for the building of the Panama Canal, thus making real that which for a century the American people have dreamed of and striven for.

Sixth, the law for the irrigation of the great West, whose arid wastes lack only the magic of water to make them as productive as the Mississippi Valley—an act equivalent to acquiring for the Republic millions of acres of new and fertile lands.

All these laws are contemporary—monuments to the constructive power and skill of the Republican party, reared not yesterday but this very moment. We see, then, that the Republican party's creative vigor is still at full tide.

In obedience to its proper functions as "the party of opposition," the Democratic party has opposed most of these great measures, violently resisted some and earnestly criticised all of them, excepting only the irrigation law. Of course, it did right in thus objecting and criticising—that is the purpose and function of a "party of opposition," and the young man's usefulness would not be entirely destroyed by membership in such a party. But there is not where he naturally belongs, is it—in the army of fault-finders? Does he not naturally belong to the army of advance? Is not "forward" instead of "about face" the motto of young manhood?

But if any young man thinks that his best service to the Republic is in living a life of political protest; if he feels that it is more useful to the Nation to belong to the party of opposition rather than the party of construction; if he feels that his blood is negative rather than positive; that the character of his mind is critical rather than creative—then he should frankly become a member of "the party of opposition."

For if you become a member of the Republican party, young man, you have given your life's energies, politically, to the forces that do things; you have cast your lot with those who build.

And in our Nation's future there will be more and finer things to do than in its past, just as the years bring to each of us individually larger tasks to perform, in the doing of which gladly, heartily and well is the glory of our manhood.

These problems of the Republic's to-morrow, and your to-morrow, young man, which require affirmative and constructive solution, the Republican party, as the party of construction, must solve and will, just as in the past; and these constructive solutions "the party of opposition" must oppose and will, just as in the past.

We ask your fellowship, young man, not on the past but on the future, and cite our past merely as a pledge of what our future will be. Come with us, that YOUR life may also be filled with the joy and glory of achievement and advance. Come with us, that your fine young powers may not be given to the merely negative forces of opposition.

II—The Conservative Party vs. The Radical Party

THE Republican party is not only the party of construction, it is also the party of conservatism; and the Democratic party is not only "the party of opposition," it is also the party of radicalism.

Considered abstractly, this is a contradiction in terms. We should expect the creative party to be the radical party, the party of protest to be the conservative party. That the converse is true in this country is explained by the origin and history of the two parties. For example, the Whig party was the conservative party before the Civil War; and before the Whig party the Federal party of Hamilton, Washington, Marshall and Adams was the conservative party. On the other hand, before the War the radical party was the Democratic party; and before the Democratic party, the Republican party (as it was then called) of Jefferson and his associates was the radical party.

But the Republican party, created by the moral awakening of the Nation which preceded the Civil War, absorbed the Whig party practically in its entirety. Thus the largest single body of Republican voters who elected Lincoln was the historical conservatives. Again, the national elements of the old Democratic party—the men who wanted to preserve the Nation and were willing to fight and die rather than see the Republic divided—these men also became members of the Republican party. Indeed, these latter were the most vigorous forces in the new Republican party, although perhaps not the most numerous at first. Thus the Republican party absorbed the historic conservative forces which made up the old Whig party and also the national and constructive forces of the old Democratic party.

And the Democratic party, having lost this part of its constructive blood, and yet having acquired none of the conservative blood which, because of the unusual circumstances of the Civil War, the Republican party absorbed, remained at once the party of opposition and also the party of radicalism—the party which in its very nature opposes constructive advance, and yet, at the same time, is dissatisfied with and rebellious at things as they are.

Thus we see, for example, in recent years "the opposition's" attack upon the gold standard, the tariff, the courts, organizations of industry, and its hostile attitude generally toward property, leading its ablest statesmen, like ex-President Cleveland, to declare that it was no longer "sane and safe," etc., etc., etc., on the one hand; and on the other hand that party's clamorous resistance of treaties and legislation for the building of the Panama Canal, for the establishment of civil government in the Philippines, for corporate legislation, for Cuban reciprocity, for the reorganization of the army, etc., etc., etc.

So, we behold that party not only attacking good things which the past has given us—which, therefore, proves it the party of radicalism—but also resisting new and constructive propositions, no matter how badly the Nation needs them—which proves it to be the party of opposition.

Very well! Young men are, by the very nature of their youth, the builders; and yet that creative instinct which makes them construct things is rendered safer and saner if restrained and moderated by the instinct of preservation—by that second sense which makes the young man wish to keep from destruction that which his hands have helped to build.

Young men ought to belong to the Republican party, therefore, because it is the party of construction; and young men are naturally builders.

They should belong to it, too, because it is also the party of conservatism; and conservatism preserves the work of the builders.

III—The National Party vs. The Sectional Party

THAT the Republican party is the party of conservatism as well as construction is, we see, due to its political antecedents. These antecedents also afford another reason why young men should be members of the Republican party. That reason is that the Republican party is the party of Nationality.

The Republican conceptions of the Nation had their beginnings in the Federal party of Hamilton, Washington and Marshall; just as the corresponding Democratic views had their origin in the old Republican party of Jefferson and his associates.

From the viewpoint of those fundamental conceptions of national power and destiny, Washington, Hamilton and Marshall were the founders of the Republican party just as Jefferson and those of his thinking were founders of the Democratic party. From this point of view also Jackson was a Republican just as Calhoun was a Democrat.

From the beginning one set of men considered this an indivisible, indestructible Nation of people, and that the Constitution is the people's "ordinance of nationality," as Marshall calls it. These were the ancestors of the Republican party.

Another set of men regarded the Republic as an aggregation of separate and sovereign communities called States, and that the Constitution is nothing more than a contract among them. These were the ancestors of the Democratic party.

The first of these maintained that the Constitution gives the Government of the United States all powers necessary to it as a Nation—powers expressed and also powers implied. For example, they thought that the National Government had the power to charter a bank.

The other set of men believed that the Government of the Republic had no power at all except such as is set out in the Constitution's definite written words. For example, these men said that the National Government had no power to charter a national bank.

The "National" view prevailed against the "non-National" view.

Another example: the Nationalists thought that the Government of the Republic had the power to build roads across the various States and to appropriate money from the National Treasury to make improvements on the rivers and harbors located in or running through the various States. The States sovereignty men insisted that this was a violation of the Constitution because the Constitution did not expressly give such powers. They said that each State ought to attend to its own harbors, build its own roads, and dredge that portion of any river which passed through it.

The Nationalists said that this was the Nation's business, because this is a Nation and not a mere combination of States; that, for example, a harbor of California is also a harbor of Pennsylvania, etc., etc.

Again the Nationalists won, although these questions were living *political issues* dividing the National and the State sovereignty parties almost down to the Civil War.

The Nationalists said that we ought to have a protective tariff because it is well for the Nation as a whole to have diversified industries. The theory of the protective tariff is that all American industries depend each upon the other for their prosperity. The fundamental reason for the protective tariff is that this is a nation of people, a vast industrial family, and not a group of antagonistic communities.

The State sovereignty men maintained that the protective tariff was, first, a violation of the Constitution; and, second, a discrimination between industries. The theory of the anti-Protectionists is that every industry in this country ought to take care of itself, just as it was maintained that every locality ought to take care of itself.

These instances show us how the National and non-National forces have divided from the foundation of the Republic. The National forces believed that the Government of the greatest Republic the world ever saw should be a strong Government—that the Nation made up of the American people should be a Nation indeed—a Nation "with a big N," as the saying is. The others feared a strong Government and protested against the growing powers of the Nation as such; and a century ago these men saw "the Constitution violated," "imperialism," "bayonets," "men on horseback," and various other terrible things.

We hear the same thing to-day; and, now as then, it is a phase of the fundamental differences between the two parties. The cry of "Constitutionalism versus Imperialism" will sound very foolish a month after the election.

It is a matter of tendencies, of characteristics, of the fibre and nature of the two parties. Indeed, it is a phase of that main difference between the two great parties—"constructiveness" upon the one hand and "opposition" upon the other hand.

Surely, then, young men want to belong to the National party—to add their energies to those forces that work along National lines to achieve National ends and aims rather than sectional and local ends and aims. If so, their home is the Republican party.

IV—Competence vs. Inexperience

THE nature of the elements which compose it, as above analyzed, and its long period of power (practically half a century) have given the Republican party peculiar skill in the art of governing. It has the gift of administration. It knows how to conduct the Nation's business. This is only natural. In every free nation there is always one portion of its citizenship which has peculiar aptitude for public business.

Such a party, by what may be called the gravitation of instinct, continually draws to itself most of those throughout the Nation who have this capacity for administration; and so such a party's governing ability constantly grows by its very exercise.

On the contrary, the party of opposition, by the very exercise of its natural functions, correspondingly lessens its ability to govern. Being always in opposition, it cannot acquire craftsmanship in public affairs. Each day it becomes a better critic but a poorer administrator.

In proof of this we see that the Republican party has conducted the affairs of the Nation with increasing success for nearly half a century.

On the other hand, "the opposition" was not fortunate in its conduct of the Nation's business either of the two times it was in power during this period.

Recall the increase of the public debt in time of peace during the administration of "the opposition"; the profound business and financial depression which invaded every home in the Republic during that melancholy period; the attempt to revise the tariff, resulting in a bill which President Cleveland refused to sign and denounced as the product of "party treason"; and so forth and so on. The whole unpleasant record is fresh in the mind of the youngest man.

Why this failure? Because the policies of "the opposition" were wrong? Partly so, as we Republicans think. Because there was (as there is now) dissension within "the opposition" itself? Undoubtedly, but not altogether that. In addition to these reasons, "the opposition" did not succeed *because it is not a governing party—because it does not understand the practical art of administration.* How could it? As "the opposition" it has done nothing but criticise, oppose, resist, object for half a century; how, then, could it be expected to govern well when the chance came?

Applying all this: Do not the young men of the Republic prefer membership in a party which by origin and experience has become the governing party of their country rather than membership in "the opposition party," whose decades of criticism, objection, resistance and protest have paralyzed any practical governing capacity which it may have had?

V—The Party of Faith vs. The Party of Doubt

BY A LONG series of successes the Republican party has become peculiarly the party of optimism. It has acquired a faith in the American people almost religious in its fervor.

Conversely, by long years of criticism "the opposition" has become the party of pessimism. It doubts, denies, protests. It has acquired the habit of disbelief.

An example from our financial history: The Republican party asserted that we could resume specie payments. The opposition party denied that this was possible. Yet we did resume specie payments.

An example from our tariff history—one within the memory of every first voter who reads this paper: About fifteen years ago the Republican party said that it was unwise for the United States to buy its tinplate of other countries; that American people ought to make their own tin; that the way for us to do it was to tax tinplate brought into this country from foreign lands.

True to its function of protest, the opposition party declared that we Americans could not make tinplate—that a tariff on tinplate would be robbery. You cannot believe the violence with which the opposition denounced the Republican party unless you go back to the newspapers of that period and read for yourself what was actually said—all because the Republicans declared that the American people could make their own tinplate and that the way to do it was to protect American capital and American labor from foreign tinplate competition.

But the Republican party, being in power, went right ahead and put a tariff on tinplate. At that time this country did not produce a single pound of tinplate, and the opposition party said that it could not produce a single pound.

At that time it imported every pound of tinplate the American people used. Every American kitchen paid tribute to the tinplate mills of Great Britain.

To-day the United States produces nearly all of the tinplate it uses; and the American tinplate industry is one of the considerable sources of wealth to the Republic. All this in fifteen years—no time at all.

This illustration is typical. Dozens of schedules of our vast tariff scheme furnish examples equally striking.

These achievements were due to that faith in the American people which is the very soul of Republicanism. And that the American people could thus succeed was denied with that sombre infidelity to American enterprise which is the ruling characteristic of the party of opposition.

This faith in the American people which distinguishes the Republican party; and this disbelief of the opposition in the ability of the American people to do things and in the resourcefulness of free institutions to permit American people to do things—this faith of one party and this disbelief of the other—have been equally displayed in every phase of American enterprise and activity from the sixties (during which time the opposition party declared that "the war is a failure") down to the last session of Congress, when the opposition party resisted the construction of the Panama canal.

Let any young man search the history of his country down to the very day he reads this article and find a single example of successful American statesmanship in the last fifty years that the Republican party did not propose, advocate and accomplish and that the opposition party did not criticise, resist and denounce.

Let him search the record of half a century for a single instance of Republican doubt and disbelief in the power, righteousness and high destiny of the American people—or for a single example of the opposition party's faith in the power, righteousness and high destiny of the American people as illustrated by those things which the American people were and are actually doing.

You will find, young man, that the whole life of the Republican party for fifty years can be summed up in these words: "We Americans can! We Americans will!" and as the result of these two following: "We Americans *have* achieved." On the contrary, the whole life of the opposition party for fifty years can be summed up in these words: "We Americans cannot! We Americans dare not!"

"We oppose!" "We denounce!" "We protest!" "We deny"—how familiar these phrases in the opposition's platforms.

So we see that the Republican party is the party of optimism—of faith in the American people; and that "the opposition" is the party of pessimism—of doubt, denial, foreboding, gloom. Between them let young men choose.

VI — The Young Man's Candidate

THE candidate of the Republican party is a young man, his career an inspiration, his character an example to young men. His life proves what the young man can do for himself—what he can make out of himself.

Then, too, the life of Theodore Roosevelt is a lesson in Americanism. He believes that there are no people in the world equal to the American people—no institutions in any land that compare with American institutions. He believes that there is no good work which we as a Nation ought to do that we cannot do. He loves American traditions and believes in the splendid destiny which American history foreshadows.

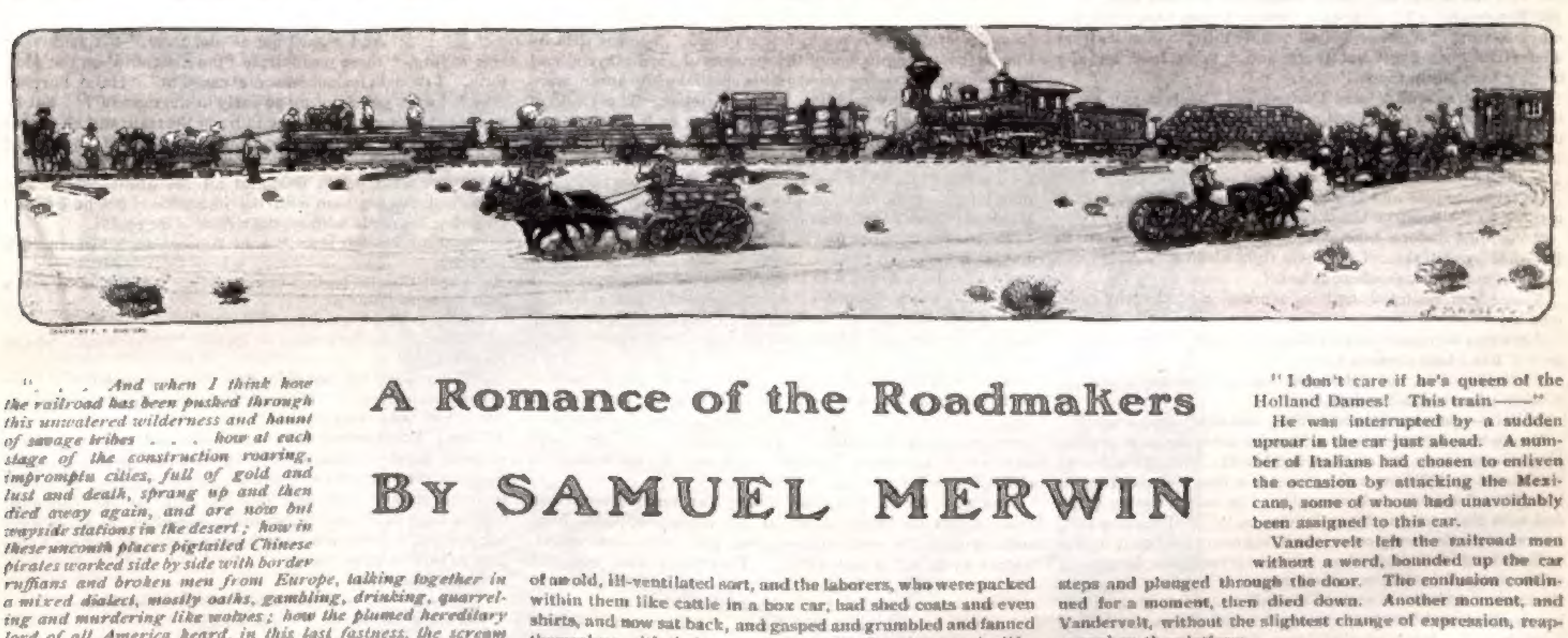
He believes above all things else in righteousness in the life of its citizens as well as in the life of the Nation. He knows that a righteous nation can only be made up of righteous men. He knows that it is the people who give character to Constitution or law and not Constitution or law that gives character to a people.

He is always frank. Nobody is ever in doubt as to where he stands. He will not conceal his principles from you. And these are peculiarly the characteristics which distinguish young men. Craft, cunning, "slickness" and their associated qualities are never attractive, never good.

Then, again, he has had more experience as an executive officer than any man now living in this country. Member of the New York Legislature; Civil Service Commissioner; Police Commissioner of the city of New York; Governor of the State of New York; Assistant Secretary of the Navy; commander of the most famous regiment in the Spanish War; Vice-President of the United States; President of the United States—in every one of these important positions he has been increasingly successful until, in the great office which he now fills, he has filled three years with great, good and lasting works.

(*Concluded on Page 15*)

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE



A Romance of the Roadmakers

By SAMUEL MERWIN

". . . And when I think how the railroad has been pushed through this unwatered wilderness and haunt of savage tribes . . . how at each stage of the construction roaring, impromptu cities, full of gold and lust and death, sprang up and then died away again, and are now but wayside stations in the desert; how in these uncouth places pigtailed Chinese pirates worked side by side with border ruffians and broken men from Europe, talking together in a mixed dialect, mostly oaths, gambling, drinking, quarreling and murdering like wolves; how the plumed hereditary lord of all America heard, in this last fastness, the scream of the 'bad medicine wagon' charioting his foes; and then when I go on to remember that all this epical turmoil was conducted by gentlemen in frock coats, and with a view to nothing more extraordinary than a fortune and a subsequent visit to Paris, it seems to me, I own, as if this railway were the one typical achievement of the age in which we live. . . . If it be romance, if it be contrast, if it be heroism that we require, what was Troy town to this?"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *in Across the Plains.*

I—YOUNG VAN ENGAGES A COOK

THE Central of Texas was hoping some day to add a steel and glass trainshed to its station building at Flemington. Indeed, a side elevation of the structure, drawn to scale and framed in black walnut, had hung for a number of years in the private office up the street of President Chambers. But the steel of which it was to be constructed still lay deep in the earth, unblasted, unsmelted and untempered; and the long, very dirty train which, at the time this narrative opens, was waiting to begin its westward journey lay exposed to the rays of what promised to be, by noon, the hottest sun the summer had so far known. The cars were of an old, ill-ventilated sort, and the laborers, who were packed within them like cattle in a box car, had shed coats and even shirts, and now sat back, and gasped and grumbled and fanned themselves with their caps, and steadily lost interest in life.

Apparently there was some uncertainty back in the office of the superintendent. A red-faced man, with a handkerchief around his neck, ran out with an order, whereupon an engine backed in, coupled up to the first car, and whistled impatiently. But they did not go. Half an hour passed, and the red-faced man ran out again, and the engine uncoupled, snorted, rang its bell, and disappeared whence it had come.

At length two men—Peet, the superintendent, and Tiffany, chief engineer for the railroad—walked down the platform together and addressed a stocky man with a close-cut gray mustache and a fixed frown, who stood beside the rear car.

"Peet says he can't wait any longer, Mr. Vandervelt," said Tiffany.

"Can't help that," replied Vandervelt.

"But you've got to help it!" cried Peet. "What are you waiting for, anyway?"

"If you think we're starting without Paul Carhart you're mistaken."

"Carhart! Who is Carhart?"

"That's all right," Tiffany put in hastily. "He's the chief."

"I don't care if he's queen of the Holland Dames! This train——"

He was interrupted by a sudden uproar in the car just ahead. A number of Italians had chosen to enliven the occasion by attacking the Mexicans, some of whom had unavoidably been assigned to this car.

Vandervelt left the railroad men without a word, bounded up the car steps and plunged through the door. The confusion continued for a moment, then died down. Another moment, and Vandervelt, without the slightest change of expression, reappeared on the platform.

Meanwhile Tiffany was talking to the superintendent. "You've simply got to wait, Peet," said he. "The old man says that Carhart must have a free hand. If he's late there's a reason for it."

"The old man didn't say that to me," growled Peet; but he waited.

. . . .

It would perhaps be difficult to find in the history of American enterprise an undertaking which demanded greater promptness in execution than the present one; yet, absurdly enough, the cause of the delay was a person so insignificant that even for the purposes of this narrative his name hardly matters. The name happened to be, however, Purple Finn; and he had been engaged for cook to the expedition, with the understanding that he should provide the necessary sub-cooks and helpers.

But if Mr. Purple Finn was insignificant, the position he had contracted to fill was nothing of the sort. The four hundred and odd men whom Paul Carhart was taking westward would unquestionably be worked hard; and scarcely anything, to hard-worked men, is more important than the quality of their food. Carhart, though still a young man, had played over very nearly the whole keyboard of the constructing engineer's experience, and this was his conclusion.

There were at that time but two hotels in the city which is to be known here as Flemington; the half-dozen other places that bore the name of hotel being rather in the nature of a side line to the saloon and gambling industry. At one of the two, the Eagle House, Paul Carhart and his engineers were stopping. Finn, on the other hand, made his headquarters at one of the half-dozen, that one which was known to the submerged five-eighths as "Murphy's." That Finn should be an enthusiastic patron of the poor man's club was not surprising, considering that he was an Irish plainsman of a culinary turn, and considering, too, that he was now winding up one of those periods between jobs which begin in spacious hilarity and conclude with a taste of ashes in the mouth.

This condition of things had first become known to Paul Carhart on the day before the start. It was late afternoon. The chief was sitting in his room, before a table which was piled high with maps, blue prints, invoices and letters. All day long he had been sitting at this table, going over the details of the work in hand. Old Vandervelt had reported that the materials for cutting and grading were all on the cars; Flint and Scribner and Young Van had reported for their departments; the statements of the various railroad officials had been examined to make sure that no details were overlooked, for these would sooner or later bob up in the form of misunderstandings; the thousand and one things which must be thought of before the expedition should take the plunge into the desert had apparently been disposed of. And finally, when the large clock down in the office was announcing with a preliminary rattle and click that it intended very shortly to strike the half-hour between five and six, the chief pushed back his chair and looked up at his engineers, who were seated about him — Old Van before him on a trunk, Scribner and Young Van beside him on the bed; John Flint, a thin, sallow man, astride the other chair, and Haddon on the floor with his back against the wall.

"Going to take time to breathe a few now, eh, Paul?" said Flint.

Carhart replied with a question: "How about those iron rods, John?"

"The tension members? All checked off and packed on the train."

"Did you accept that dealer's estimate for your oats?"

"Not much. Cut it down a third. It was altogether too much to carry. You see, I shall be only thirty-odd miles from Red Hills once I get out there, and I don't look for any trouble keeping in touch."

"It's just as well," said Carhart. "The less you carry the more room for us. Scribner, suppose you look that chap up and tell him to get the rest of that lot of oats on the train to-night."

Scribner picked up his hat and went out.

"Did those pots and kettles come, Gus?" Carhart asked, turning to the younger Vandervelt.

"Yes, just before noon. They had been carried on to Paradise by mistake. I got them right aboard."

"And your cook — where is he?"

Young Van hesitated, and an expression of chagrin came into his face.

"He was to report at two this afternoon," Carhart went on. "But I haven't seen him."

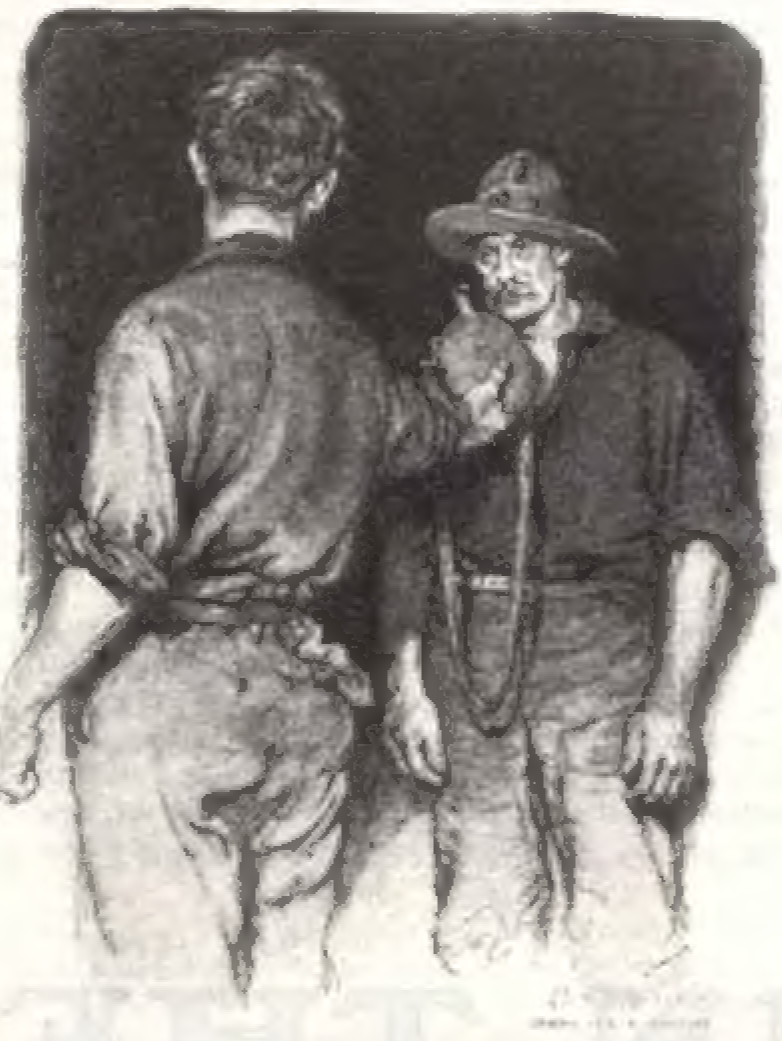
"I'll look him up. He promised me last night that he wouldn't touch another drop."

"Well — get your hands on him; and don't let go again."

Young Van left the room; and as he drew the door to after him he could hear the chief saying briskly, "Haddon, I wish you would find Tiffany and remind him that I'm counting on his getting around early to-night. I'm not altogether satisfied with their scheme for supplying us." And hearing this, he was more than ever conscious of his own small part in this undertaking, and more than ever chagrined that he should prove unequal to the very small matter of keeping an eye on the cook. At least, it seemed a small matter, in view of the hundreds of problems concerning men and things which Paul Carhart was solving on this day. But it was not very long, in the course of his walk to Murphy's, before his chagrin was giving place to determination. Young Van, it may be observed, was facing his first experience in important work.

The barkeeper at Murphy's, who served also in the capacity of night clerk, proved secretive on the subject of Purple Finn — hadn't seen him all day — didn't know when he would be in. The young engineer thought he had better sit down to digest the situation. This suggested supper, and he ordered the best of Murphy's fare, and ate slowly and pondered. Seven o'clock came, but brought no hint of the cook's whereabouts. Young Van gathered from the barroom talk that a big outfit had come into town from Paradise within the past hour or so, and incidentally that one of the outfit, Jack Flagg, was on the warpath — whoever Jack Flagg might be. As he sat in a rear corner, watching, with an assumption of carelessness, the loafers and plainsmen and gamblers who were passing in and out, or were, like himself, sitting at the round tables, it occurred to him to go up to Finn's room. He knew, from former calls, where it was. But he learned nothing more than that the cook's door was ajar and that a half-packed valise lay open on the bed.

At half-past ten, after a tour of the most likely haunts, Young Van returned to Murphy's and resumed his seat in the rear corner. He had no notion of going back to the Eagle House until he could bring the cook back with him. It was now close on the hour when Flemington was used to rouse itself for the revelry of the night, and that Finn would take some part in this revelry, and that he would, sooner or later, reappear at his favorite hostelry, seemed probable.



"THIS IS MY CANTEEN. IT'S ALL I HAVE A RIGHT TO GIVE ANYBODY. NOW, SHUT UP AND GET OUT"

The lamps in this room were suspended from the ceiling at such a height that their light entered the eye at the true hypnotic angle; and so it was not long before Young Van, weary from the strain of the week, began to nod. The bar with its line of booted figures, and the quartets of card-players, and the one waiter moving about in his spotted white apron, were beginning to blur and run oddly together. The clink of glasses and the laughter came to his ears as if from a great distance. Once he nearly recovered his faculties. A group of new arrivals were looking toward his corner. "Waiting for Purple Finn, eh?" said one. "Well, I guess he's got a nice long wait in front of him, poor fool!" Then they all laughed. And Young Van himself, with half-open eyes, had to smile over the poor fool in the corner who was waiting for Purple Finn.

"I hear Jack Flagg's in town," said the barkeeper. "I wonder if he is!" replied the first speaker. "I wonder if Jack Flagg is in town!" Again they laughed. And again Young Van smiled. How odd that Jack Flagg should be in town!

He was awakened by a sound of hammering. There was little change in the room — the card games were going steadily on; the bar still had its line of thirsty plainsmen; two men were wrangling in a corner. Then he made out a group of newcomers who were tacking a placard to the wall, and chuckling as they did so.

And now, for the first time, Young Van became conscious that he was no longer alone at his table. Opposite him, smiling genially, and returning his gaze with benevolent, watery eyes, sat a big Texan. This individual wore his sombrero hat on the back of his head, and made no effort to conceal the two revolvers and the knife at his belt.

"D'you know," said the Texan, "I like you. What's your name?"

"Vandervelt. What is yours?"

"Charlie — that's my name." Then his smile faded, and he shook his head. "But you won't find Purple Finn here."

"Why not?"

"Ain't that funny! You don't know 'bout Purple Finn. It's b'cause Jack Flagg's in town. They ain't friendly — I know Jack Flagg. I've been workin' with 'im — down Paradise way."

Young Van was nearly awake. "You don't happen to be a cook, do you?" said he.

"Yes," Charlie replied dreamily. "I'm a cook. But I'm nothin' to Jack Flagg. He's won'erful — won'erful!"

The engineer got up to stretch his legs, and incidentally took occasion to read the placard. It ran as follows:

> *Purple Finn:* I heard you was looking for me. Well, I'll be around to Murphy's to-morrow because I want to tell you you're talking too much.
>
> JACK FLAGG.

He returned to his table and amused himself listening to Charlie's talk. Then he looked at his watch and found that it was nearly two hours after midnight. Within six or seven hours the train would be starting for the Staked Plains. He wondered what his friends would say if they could see him. He was afraid that if he should drop off again he might sleep too late, and so he determined to keep awake. He communicated this plan to Charlie, who nodded approval. But he was not equal to it. Within a very short time his chin was reposing on his breast, and Charlie was looking at him and chuckling. "Awful good joke," murmured Charlie.

Young Van fell to dreaming. He thought that the doors suddenly swung in, and that Purple Finn himself entered the room. The noise seemed, at the instant, to die down; the barkeeper paused and gazed; the card-players turned and sat motionless in their chairs. Finn, thought Young Van, nodded in a general way, and laughed, and his laugh had no humor in it. He walked toward the bar, but half-way his roving eye rested on the placard, and he stood motionless. The blue tobacco haze curled around him and dimmed the outlines of his figure. In the dream he seemed to grow a little smaller while he stood there. Then he walked across and read the placard, taking a long time about it, as if he found it difficult to grasp the meaning. When he finally turned and faced the crowd his expression was weak and uncertain. He seemed about to say something, but, whatever it was he wished to say, the words did not come. Instead, he walked to the bar, ordered a drink, put it down with a shaking hand, and left the room as he had entered it, silently. The door swung shut, and somebody laughed derisively; then all returned to their cards.

When Young Van awoke the room was flooded with sunlight from the side windows. He straightened up in his chair and looked around. Charlie was still at the table. Here and there along the side bench men were sleeping. The card-players, with seamed faces and cold eyes, were still at their business. A new set of players had come in: one of them a giant of a man, dressed like a cowboy, with a hard eye, a heavy mustache, and a tuft of hair below his under lip.

The engineer was almost afraid to look at his watch. It was half-past eight. He looked at the still smiling Charlie. "See here," he said, "did Finn come in here last night?"

Charlie nodded. "You didn't wake up."

Young Van almost groaned aloud. "Where is he? Where did he go?"

"Listen to 'im!" Charlie was indicating a lank stranger who was leaning on the bar and talking to a dozen men who had gathered about him.

". . . And when I got off the train," the lank man was saying, "there was Purple Finn a-standin' on the platform. I thought he looked sort o' caved in. 'Hello, Purple,' says I, 'what you doin' up so early in the mornin'?' But he never answers a word; just climbs on the train and sits down in the smoker and looks out the window as if he thought somebody was after 'im."

A laugh went up at this, and all the group turned and looked at the big man with the mustache. But he went on fingering his cards without the twitch of an eyelid.

"So Finn has left town," said Young Van, addressing his *vis-à-vis*.

"Yes," Charlie replied humorously. "He had to see a man down to Paradise."

"Who is that big man over there?"

"Him?" Charlie's voice dropped. "Why, that's him — Jack Flagg."

"Did you tell me last night that he was a cook?"

Charlie nodded. "He's won'erful — won'erful! I know 'im. I've been workin'——"

Young Van pushed back his chair and got up. For a moment he stood looking at the forbidding face and mighty frame of the man who was now the central figure in the room; then he crossed over and touched him on the shoulder. "How are you?" said he, painfully conscious, as every waking eye in the room was turned on him, that he did not know how to talk to these men.

Flagg looked up.

"They tell me you can cook," said the engineer.

"What's that to you?" said Flagg.

"Do you want a job?"

"This is Mr. Van'ervelt," put in Charlie, who had followed; "Mr. Van'ervelt, of the railroad."

"What'll you pay?" asked Flagg.

Young Van named the amount.

"When do you want to start?"

"Now."

"Charlie" — Flagg was sweeping in a heap of chips — "go down to Jim's and get my things and fetch 'em here." And with this he turned back to the game.

Young Van looked uncertainly at Charlie, whose condition was hardly such that he could be trusted to make the trip without a series of stops in the numerous havens of refuge along the way. The thing to do was perhaps to go with him; at any rate, that is what Young Van did.

"Won'erful man!" murmured Charlie when they reached the sidewalk. Then, "Say, Mr. Van'ervelt, come over here a minute — jus' over to Bill White's. Wanna see a man — jus' minute."

But Young Van was not in a tolerant mood. "Stiffen up, Charlie," he said sharply. "No more of this sort of thing — not if you're going with us."

Charlie was meekly obedient, and even tried to hurry; but at the best it took considerable time to get together the clothing of the cook and his assistant, pay their bill, and return to Murphy's. This much accomplished, it became necessary to use some tact with Flagg, who was bent on winning a little more before stopping. And as Flagg could easily have tossed the engineer out of the window, and had, besides, the strategical advantage, Young Van was unable to see much choice for himself in the matter. And standing there, waiting on the pleasure of his cook, he passed the time in wondering where he had made his mistake. Paul Carhart, or John Flint, he thought, would never have found it necessary to take the undignified measures to which he had been reduced. But what was the difference? What would they have done? In trying to answer these questions he hit on every reason but the right one. He forgot that he was a very young man.

. . . .

Carhart and Flint, after waiting a long time at the Eagle House, went down to the station, arriving there some time after the outburst of Peet which was noted at the beginning of the chapter. Tiffany saw them coming and communicated the news to the superintendent. The engine reappeared, and again coupled up to the forward car.

"Everything all right?" called Tiffany.

"No," replied Carhart; "don't start yet."

The three walked on and joined Old Van by the steps of the rear car.

"Well," growled the veteran, "how much longer are we going to wait, Paul?"

"Until Gus comes."

"Gus? I thought he was aboard here."

"No," said John Flint with a wink, "he went out last night to see the wheels go round. Here he comes now. But what in ——"

They all gazed without a word. Three men were walking abreast down the platform, Gus Vandervelt, with a white face and ringed eyes, in the middle. The youngest engineer of the outfit was not a small man, but between the two cooks he looked like a child.

"Would you look at that!" said Flint at length. "Neither of those two Jesse Jameses will ever see six foot three again. Makes Gus look like a nick in a wall."

Young Van met Carhart's questioning gaze almost defiantly. "The cook," he said, indicating Flagg.

"All right. Get aboard."

"Second car from the front," cried Old Van, who had charge of the arrangements on the cars.

This time the bell did not ring in vain. The train moved slowly out toward the unpeopled West, and the engineers threw off coats and collars and made themselves as nearly comfortable as they could under the circumstances. John Flint drew his assistant into a two-handed game of cards. Scribner settled down to studying his field-book.

A few minutes after the start Paul Carhart, who was writing a letter in pencil, looked up and saw Young Van beside him, and tried not to smile at his sorry appearance.

"I think I owe you an explanation, Mr. Carhart," began the young man in embarrassment which took the form of stiffness.

But the chief shook his head. "I'm not asking any questions, Gus," he replied. Then the smile escaped him, and he turned it off by adding, "I'm writing to Mrs. Carhart." He held up the letter and read over the first few lines with a twinkle in his eye. "I was just telling her," he went on, "that the cook problem in Chicago is in its infancy."

II—THE JOB

BEFORE the financial depression the Central of Texas had completed 500 of the 620 miles of the Western extension. Then, for two years, weeds grew between the ties and floods made gaps here and there. This branch, which would practically incorporate the line in the Chicago and Southern California system, was very nearly life or death to the Central of Texas; and when the two years were past, and money was again to be had, President Chambers took the matter into his own hands.

When he told Tiffany, his chief engineer, that trains must be running from Flemington to Red Hills by September first the chief engineer shook his head. Tiffany shrank only from the downright impossible, but he boggled at this. It was already May, and by the time the first rails could be supplied from Pennsylvania and the first lots of ties, fuel and bridge timber delivered from Louisiana and East Texas it would be June, and not a hundred days to go. The line was, of course, surveyed, but not a foot of grading, cutting, or bridge-building had been done beyond the last completed section. In addition, the country to be traversed was partly mountainous and was all but destitute of timber and water. So he said, "It can't be done."

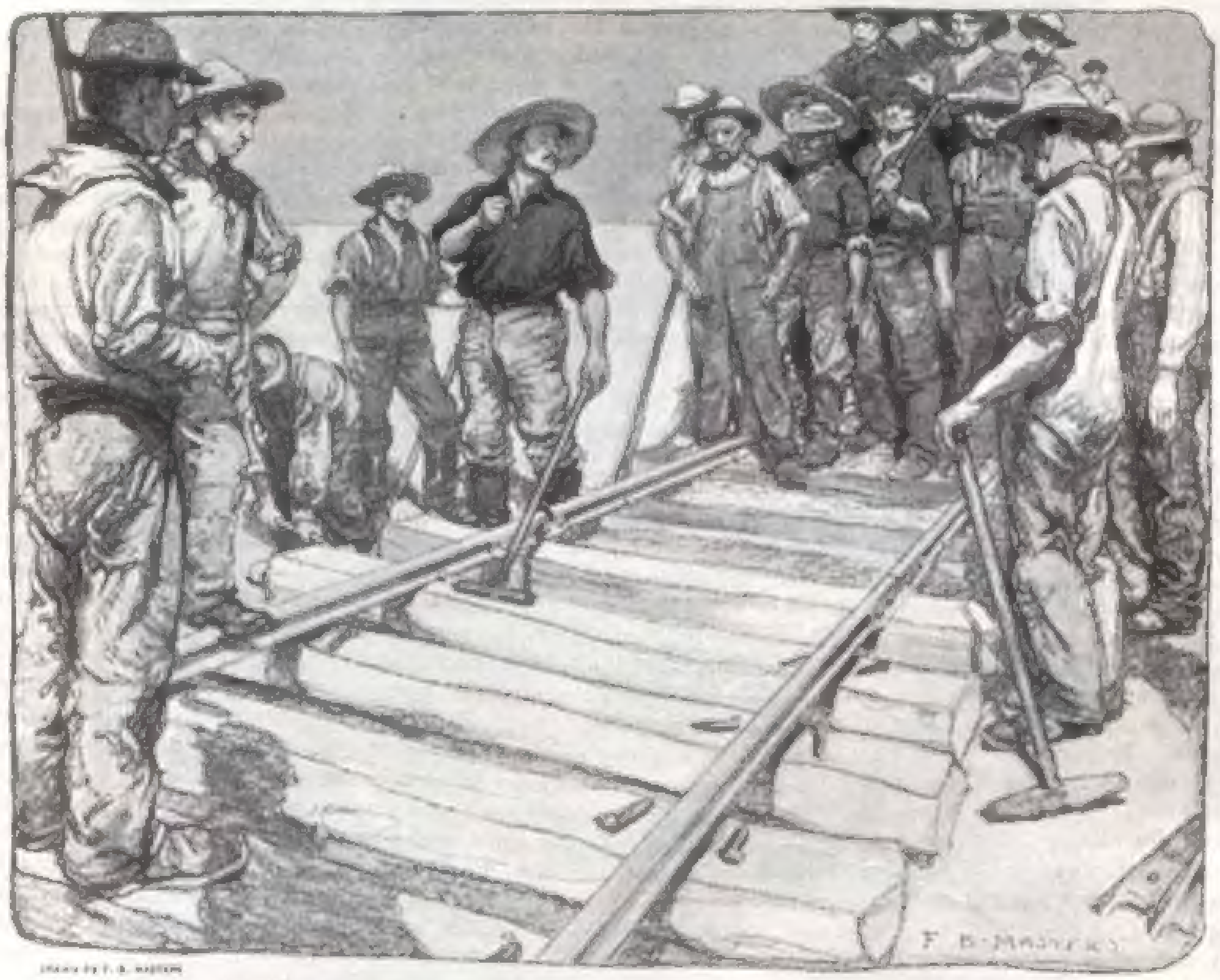
President Chambers did not go into explanations. His reply was, emphatically, "It's got to be done!" The president knew certain important facts. The first and more obvious was that if trains should not be running by September the Central of Texas would lose its land grants. The second hit even nearer the bull's-eye. Since his agreement with the Chicago and Southern California, three years back, conditions had shifted, men had changed. Another line, the Texas and Arkansas, was pushing its line dangerously near the Chicago and Southern California, and rumors were floating of dickerings and secret meetings between representatives of the two lines. President Chambers knew that just one thing could stop these rumors: and that one thing was a railroad track from Flemington to Red Hills. So he said, "It's *got* to be done!"

Tiffany swallowed hard, and cast about him. To Crittenden, the head of the contracting company, he repeated the words of the president, and added: "Give us the best man you can find, Mr. Crittenden, for this." "All right," replied the contractor. "I'll put it through for you." Whereupon he telegraphed Paul Carhart, a ten-thousand-dollar man, who had been chafing, during the depression, within the limits of five-thousand-dollar work, ordering him to drop everything and come at once—if by day to the office, if by night to the house. It was to the house that Carhart came, just after midnight. He was gaunt as ever, unshaven, his glasses clipped to a sooty nose—for there were no Pullmans whence he came—and the usual inscrutable expression on his oddly studious face. Crittenden opened the door himself. "Paul," he said, when they were shut in the library, "the Central of Texas wants to run a train from Flemington to Red Hills September first. There are 120 miles of track to build. I want you to go down there and get it done."

"All right," quietly replied the engineer. "Have you any information here—maps, reports of surveyors?"

Crittenden tossed some pamphlets on the table. "There they are," he said.

Carhart looked them over and found a map folded into the last one, which he spread out and examined. When he looked up, after ten minutes, there was a question in his eyes.



DRAWN BY F. B. MASTERS

"THERE," HE CRIED, ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE THING. "THERE, BOYS! THAT MEANS RED HILLS OR BUST"

"Well," asked Crittenden, "what is it?"

"Am I to have a free hand in this?"

"Certainly."

"And the cost—how about that?"

"Chambers says it's got to be done; and nobody knows better than he that 'got' is an expensive word."

The map told the story. A moment's study had shown Carhart that the work divided itself naturally into two parts. The first was simply to cut, fill, trestle and spike his way from the present end of the track to Red Hills. But at the La Paz River, ninety-five miles out, there must be a trestle and bridge of timber and masonry seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet high and a mile long; and this trestle must be up and ready when the track-end should reach the river. This would make it necessary to send out a wagon train at once with a full force of men under a good engineer. There was limestone, said the reports, near the river, but timber must be carted clear across Texas. Carhart was troubled with no misgivings about his own ability to carry the track through; but what if the bridge should not be ready in time? The surveyors reported quicksands under the river, and there was no telling what that might mean. The bridge was the critical point. He must put the right man in charge of it. And the right man was Flint.

John B. Flint was the man who built the Desplaines bridge for the Three I's. Always thin and stooping, his lungs had played him false at thirty-eight. "With the best of care," had said the doctor, "don't expect to live more than two years." He was going on to recommend the usual mountain sanitarium when the bridge-builder cut him short. "Without the care, Doctor, how long will you give me?" The physician narrowed his eyes. "Working, you mean?" "Yes, working." "Not above one year." "Very well, then," said Flint, "here goes for one good year for me and a few thousands more for my family!" He conceded one point: he went out into the great Southwest. There Carhart had last heard of him, three years back, and it seemed hardly likely that he was still living. But inquiries were encouraging. Flint was quite alive, it proved, and ready to bridge the Grand Cañon of the Colorado at a word from Paul Carhart. He said that much in his long telegram.

It rested, then, with these two lean men whether that train should reach Red Hills on the first day of September. They both felt it, as they stood at the end of the track, their backs to civilization, their faces toward the Staked Plains. It was the morning of the twenty-first of May. Carhart had come out the day before—for Tiffany had carried out his part of the contract in patching up the existing track and levying on the none too plentiful rolling stock of the railroad company—pitched camp, organized his force and set at work what men he had grading and filling with road-scrapers. Flint had arrived at daybreak, and in a few hours had got his long line of wagons and mules off the two trains. His train had also brought more laborers for Carhart; and now the two men were ready. Carhart had turned from setting up his transit. Flint, in easy Western dress, stood by his horse.

"When shall I look for you, Paul?" asked Flint.

"Well—we have 102 days altogether. To allow for delays I have set August twentieth for winding up the job. That means laying a mile and a third of track every day, and that will bring me to the river the—let's see—ten—thirty-one—say the thirtieth or the thirty-first of July. You'd better be ready on the twenty-eighth. It will take you from six to eight days to get there—perhaps more."

"Hardly that long."

"A good deal of the way is heavy sand, you know. That will leave you two months—say sixty days."

"All right, sir." Flint got into the saddle, not without difficulty. "All right, sir. You will find a bridge ready for you on the twenty-eighth of July. Start along, boys!"

Haddon, Flint's assistant, a hard-working young fellow, not many years out of Stevens Institute, galloped off with the order. The drivers took up their reins and settled themselves for the long journey. They were a mixed lot—Mexicans, half-breeds, native Americans of a curiously military stamp, and nondescripts—but good-natured enough; and Flint, knowing the way to keep up their spirits, had engaged the best cook to be had. One by one the whips cracked, a babel of English, Spanish and French cries went up, the mules plunged, the heavy wagons, laden with derricks, tools and cement, camp supplies, and a pile-driver in sections, and carrying the quarrymen, stone-cutters and masons who were to do the work, groaned forward, and the La Paz bridge outfit was off.

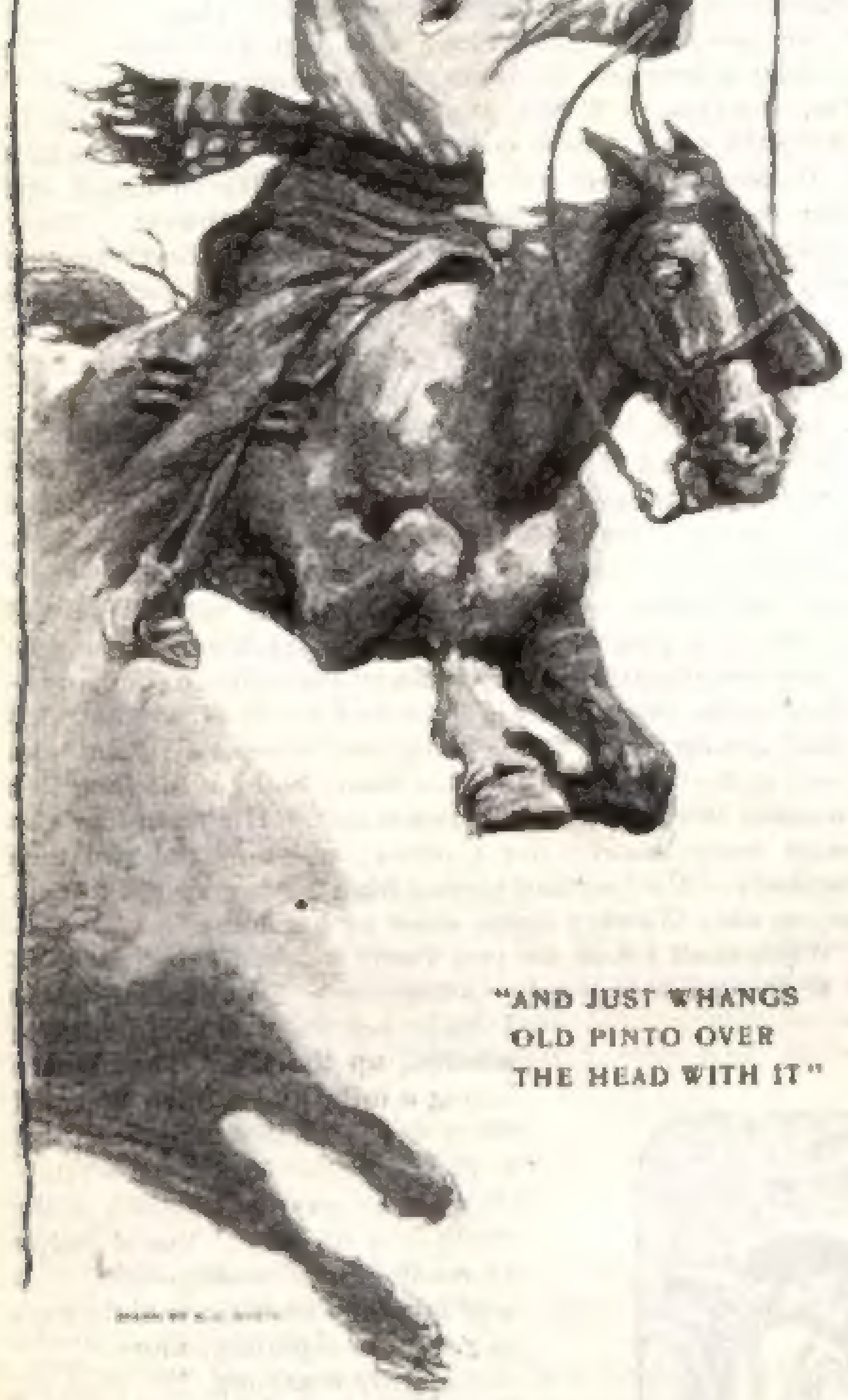
There was about the scene a sense of enterprise, of buoyant freedom, of deeds to be done. Flint felt it as he rode at the head of his motley cavalcade; but he was an imaginative man. Scribner and Young Vandervelt felt it; but they were young. Old Vandervelt was already up ahead to direct the scooping out of a way through the first knoll. And as for Carhart, he was absorbed in running a line for the tie squad. From now on, minutes and half-hours were the most valuable things he had. And the sight of gang after gang lifting

(Continued on Page 18)

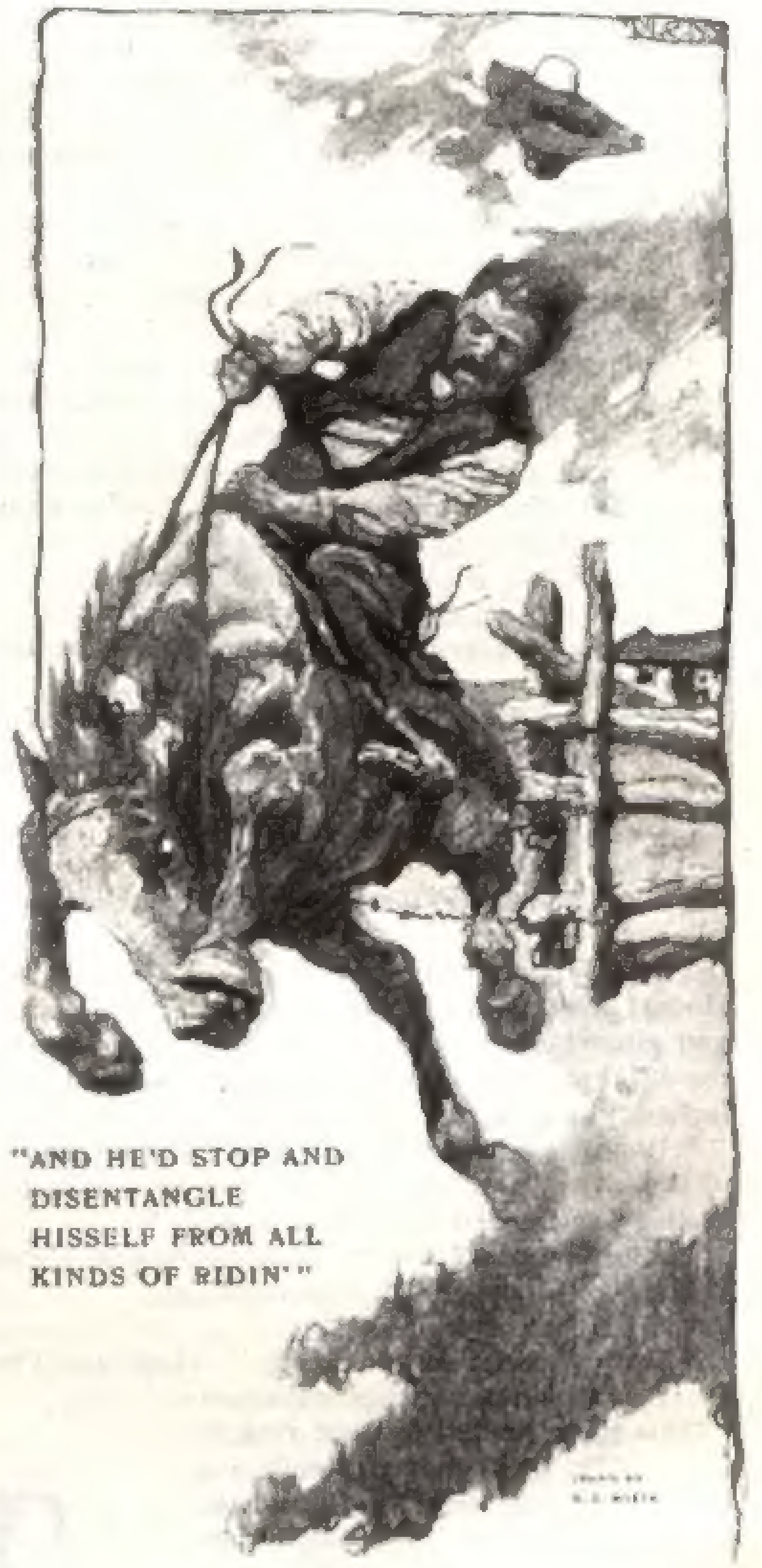
Science at Heart's Desire

The Story of a Cowpuncher, an Osteopath and a Cross-Eyed Horse

By Emerson Hough



"AND JUST WHANGS OLD PINTO OVER THE HEAD WITH IT"



"AND HE'D STOP AND DISENTANGLE HISSELF FROM ALL KINDS OF RIDIN'"

THERE is a heap of things different now from what they used to be when I first hit the cow range," said Curly as we sat together one day, leaning up against the posts of the corral back of Whiteman's store at Heart's Desire. "The whole country's changed, and it ain't changed for the better, either. Grass is longer, and horns is shorter, and men is triflin'er. Since the Yankees has got west of the Missouri River a ranch foreman ain't allowed to run his own brandin' iron any more, and that takes more'n half the poetry out of the cow business.

"Everything else is changin', too," he continued. "Look at the lawyers and doctors there is in here now—and this country used to be respectable. Why, when I first come here there wasn't a doctor within a thousand miles, and no need for one. If one of the boys got shot up much we always found some way to laundry him and sew him together again without no need of a diploma. No one ever got sick; and, of course, no one ever did die of his own accord, the way they do back in the States.

"The first doctor that ever come out here for to alleviate us fellers, why, he settled over on the Sweetwater. He was a allopath from Bitter Creek. What medicine that feller gave! He gradual drifted into the vet'inary line.

"Then there come a homeopath—that was after a good many women folks had settled in along the railroad over west. Still, there wasn't much sickness, and I don't reckon the homeopath ever did winter through. I was livin' with the Bar T, on the Oscura range, at that time.

"Next doctor that come along was a ostypath." Curly took a chew of tobacco and paused a moment reflectively.

"I said the first feller drifted into vet'inary lines, didn't I?" he resumed. "Well, the ostypath did, too. Didn't you never hear about that? Why, he ostypathed a horse."

"Did what?" I asked, sitting up; for hitherto there had seemed no need to listen attentively.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "he ostypathed a horse for us. The boys they gambled about two thousand dollars on that horse over at Socorro. It was a cross-eyed horse, too."

"What's that?" said I. "There never was such a thing as a cross-eyed horse."

"Oh, there wasn't, wasn't there?" said Curly. "Well now, my friend, when you talk that way you simply show me how much you don't know about horses. This here Bar T horse was as cross-eyed as a sawhorse until we got him ostypathed. But, of course, if you don't believe what I say there's no use tellin' you this story at all."

"Oh, go on, go on," said I. "Don't mind any slight skepticism on my part."

"Well," said he at length, "that there horse was knowed constant on this range for over three years. He was a outlaw, with cream mane and tail, and a Pinto map of Europe, Asia and Africa wrote all over his ribs. Run? Why, that horse could run down a coyote as a moral pastime. We used him to catch jack-rabbits with between meals. It wasn't no trouble for him to run. The trouble was to tell where he was goin' to *stop* runnin'. Sometimes it was a good while before the feller ridin' him could get him around to where he begun to run. He run in curves natural, and he handed out a right curve or a left one, just as he happened to feel, same as the feller dealin' faro, and just as easy.

"Tom Redmond, on the Bar T, he got this horse from a feller by the name of Hasenberg, that brought in a bunch of has-beens and outlaws, and allowed to distribute them in this country. Hasenberg was a foreign gent that looked a good deal like Whiteman, our distinguished fellow-citizen here. He was cross-eyed hisself, body and soul. There wasn't a straight thing about him. We allowed that maybe this Pinto *caballo* got cross-eyed from associatin' with old Hasenberg, who was strictly on the bias, any way you figured.

"Tom Redmond, he took this here Pinto horse from havin' seen him jump the corral fence several times and start floatin' off across the country for a eight or ten mile sasshay without no special encouragement. He hired three Castilian busters to operate on Pinto, and he got so he could be rode occasional, but every one allowed they never did see any horse just like him. He was the most aggravatinest thing we ever did have on this range. He had a sort of odd-lookin' white eye, but a heap of them pintos has got glass eyes, and so no one thought to examine his lookers very close,. though it was noticed early in the game that Pinto might be lookin' one way and goin' the other at the same time. He'd be goin' on a keen lope, and then somethin' or other might get on his mind, and he'd stop and disentangle hisself from all kinds of ridin'. Sometimes he'd stop and snort like he was seein' ghosts. A feller on that horse could have roped antelopes as easy as yearlin' calves if he could just have told which way Mr. Pinto was goin'; but he was a shore hard one to estimate.

"At last Tom, why, he suspected somethin' wasn't right with Pinto's lamps. If you stuck out a bunch of hay at him he couldn't bite it by about five feet. When you led him down to water you had to go sideways, and if you wanted to get him in through the corral gate you had to push him in backward. We discovered right soon that he was born with his parallax or somethin' out of gear. His graduated scale of seein' things was different from our'n. I don't reckon anybody ever will know what-all Pinto saw with them glass lamps of his, but all the time we all knowed that if we could ever oncet get his lookin' outfit tuned up proper we had the whole country skinned in a horse race; for he could shore run copious.

"That was why he had the whole Bar T outfit guessin' all the time. We all wanted to bet on him, and we was all scared to. Sometimes we'd make up a purse among us, and we'd go over to some county fair or other and win a thousand dollars. Old Pinto could run all day—didn't make no difference to him how often we raced him; and natural, after we'd won one hatful of money with him we'd want to win another. That was where our judgment was weak.

"You never could tell whether Pinto was goin' to finish under the wire or out in the landscape. His eyes seemed to be sort of movable, but like enough they'd get sot when he went to runnin'. Then he'd run whichever way he was lookin' at the time, or happened to think he was lookin', and dependin' additional on what he thought he saw. And law! the whole board of supervisors and school commissioners couldn't have looked that horse in the face and guessed on their sacred honor whether he was goin' to jump the fence to the left or take to the high sage on the outside of the track.

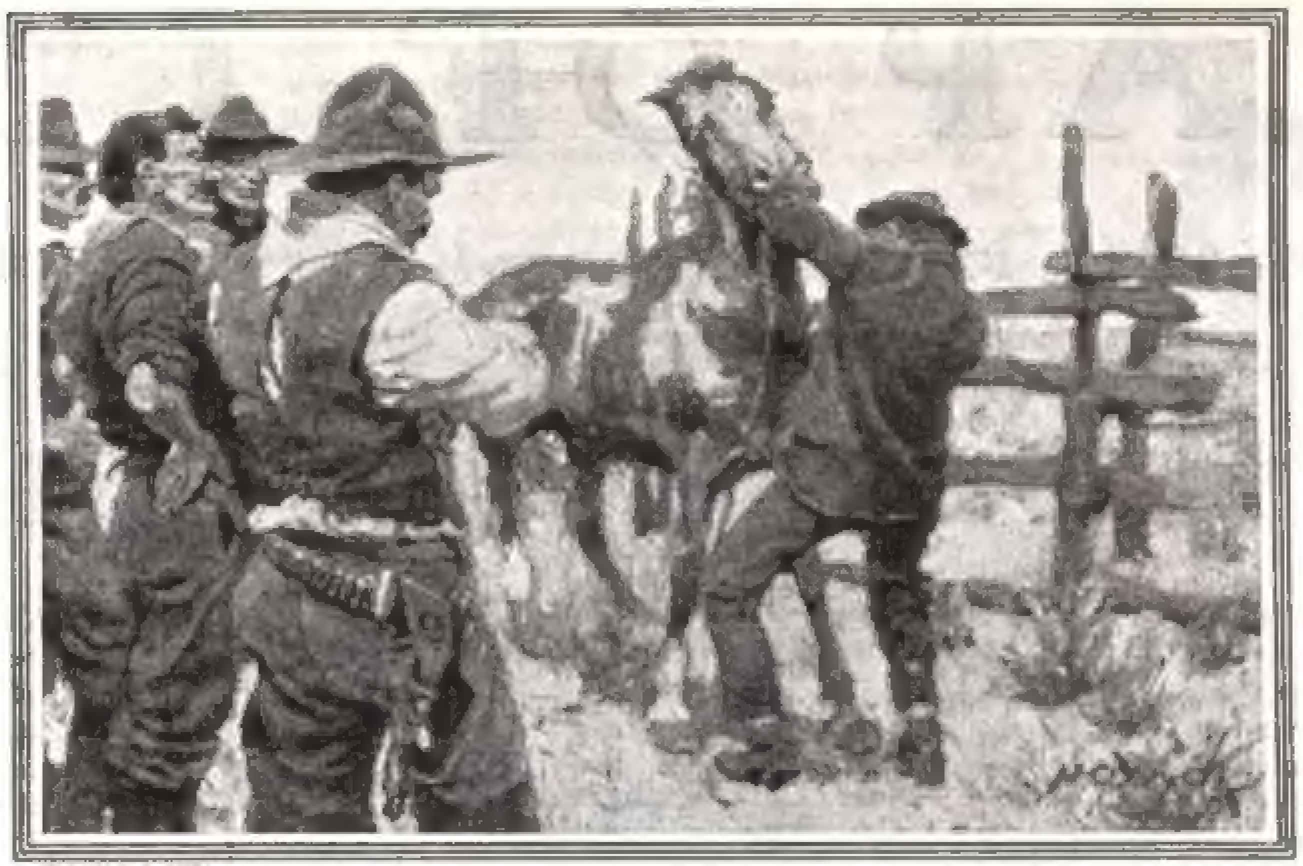
"Once in a while we'd git Pinto's left eye set at a angle and he'd come around the track and under the wire before she wobbled out of place. On them occasions we made money a heap easier than I ever did a-gettin' it from home. But, owin' to the looseness of them eyes, I don't reckon there never was no horse racin' as uncertain as this here; and like enough you may have observed it's uncertain enough even when things is fixed in the most comfortable way possible.

"You always felt like puttin' the saddle on to Pinto hind end to, he was so cross-eyed; but still you couldn't help feelin' sorry for him, neither. Now, he had a right pained and grieved look in his face all the time. I reckon he thought this was a hard sort of world to get along in. It is. A cross-eyed man has a hard enough time, but a cross-eyed horse—well, you don't know how much trouble he can be for hisself and every one else around him.

"Now, here we was, fixed up like I told you. Mr. Allopath is over on Plum Creek; Mr. Homeopath is maybe in the last stages of starvation. Old Pinto looks plumb hopeless, and all of us fellers was mostly hopeless too, owin' to his uncertain habits in a horse race, yet knowin' that it ain't professional for us not to back a Bar T horse that can run as fast as this one can.

"About then along comes Mr. Ostypath. This was just about thirty days before the county fair at Socorro, and there was money hung up for horse races over there that made us feel sick to think of. We knew we could go out of the cow-punchin' business for good if we could just only once get Pinto over there and get him to run the right way for a few brief moments. Was he game? I don't know. There never was no horse ever got close enough to him in a horse race to tell whether he was game or not. He might not get back home in time for supper, but he would shore run industrious. Say, I talked in a telyphome oncet. The book hung on the box said the telyphome was instantaneous. It ain't. But now this Pinto, he was a heap more instantaneous than a telyphome.

"As I was sayin', it was long about now Mr. Ostypath come in. He talks with the boss about locatin' around in here. Boss studies him over a while, and as there ain't been anybody sick for over ten years he tries to break it to Mr. Ostypath gentle that the Bar T ain't a good place for a doctor. They have some conversation along in there, that-a-way, and Mr. Ostypath before long gets the boss interested deep and plenty. He says there ain't no such a thing as gettin' sick. We all knew that before; but he certainly floors the lot when he allows that the reason a feller don't feel good, so as he can eat ten-penny nails, and make a million dollars a year, is always because there is something wrong with his osshus structure. He says the only thing that makes a feller have rheumatism, or dyspepsia, or headache, or nosebleed, or red hair, or any other sickness, is that


DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

"DOC. HE WALKS UP TO OLD PINTO, AND HAS A LOOK AT HIM, FRONTWAYS, SIDEWAYS AND ALL AROUND"

something's wrong with his nervous system. Now, it's this-a-way. He allows them nerves is like a bunch of garden hose. If you put your foot on the hose the water can't run right free. If you take it off everything's lovely. 'Now,' says Mr. Ostypath, 'if, owin' to some luxation, some leeshun, some temporary mechanical disarrangement of your osshus structure, due to a oversight of a All-wise Providence, or maybe a fall off'n a buckin' horse, one of them bones of yours gets to pressin' on a nerve, why, it ain't natural you ought to feel good. Now, is it?' says he.

"He goes on and shows how all up and down a feller's backbone there is plenty of soft spots; and he shows likewise that there is scattered around in different parts of a feller's territory somethin' like two hundred and four bones, any one of which is likely any minute to jar loose and go to pressin' on a soft spot, 'in which case,' says he, 'there is need of a ostypath immediate.'

"'For instance,' he says to me, 'I could make quite a man out of you in a couple of years if I had a chance.' I asked him what his price would be for that, and he said he was willin' to tackle it for about fifty dollars a month. That bein' just five dollars a month more than the boss was allowin' me at the time, and me seein' that I would have to go about two years without anything to wear or to eat—let alone anything to drink—I had to let this chance go by. I have been strugglin' along, as you know, ever since, just like this, some shopworn, but so's to set up. There was one while, I admit, when the Doc. made me some nervous, when I thought of all them soft spots in my spine, and all them bones liable to get loose any minute and go to pressin' on them. But I had to take my chances, like any other cowpuncher at forty-five a month.

"Mr. Ostypath he stays around the Bar T quite a while, and we got to talkin' with him a heap about modern science. Says he, one evenin', this-a-way to us fellers, says he, 'Why, a great many things goes wrong because the nervous system is interfered with, along of your osshus structure. You think your stomach is out of whack,' says he. 'It ain't. All it needs is more nerve supply. I git that by loosenin' up the bones in your back. Why, I've cured a heap of rheumatism, and paralysis, and cross eyes, and ——'

"'What's that?' says Tom Redmond, right sudden.

"'You heard me, sir,' says the Doc., severe.

"Tom he couldn't hardly wait, he was so bad struck with the idea he had. 'Come here, Doc.,' says he. And then him and Doc. walked off a little ways and begun to talk. When they come up toward us again we heard the Doc. sayin', 'Of course I could cure him. Straybismus is dead easy. I never did operate on no horse, but I've got to eat, and if this here is the only patient in this whole blamed country, why, I'll have to go you, if it's only for the sake of science,' says he. 'Not that I wouldn't prefer humans,' says he. Then we all bunched in together and drifted off toward the corral, where old Pinto was standin', lookin' hopeless and thoughtful. 'Is this the patient?' says the Doc., sort of sighin'.

"'It are,' says Tom Redmond.

"Doc. he walks up to old Pinto, and has a look at him, frontways, sideways and all around. Pinto raises his head up, snorts, and looks Doc. full in the face; leastwise, if he'd 'a' been any other horse he'd 'a' been lookin' him full in the face. Doc. he stands thoughtful for quite a while, and then he goes and kind of runs his hand up and down along Pinto's spine. He growed plumb enthusiastic then. 'Beautiful subject,' says he. 'Be—*yoo*—tiful ostypathic subject! Whole osshus structure exposed!' And Pinto shore was a dream if bones was needful in the game."

Curly paused for another chew of tobacco, and as his narrative had reached a point that promised interest I urged him to resume.

"Well, it's like this," said he at length; "you see, the backbone of a man or a horse is full of little humps—you can see that easy in the springtime. Now, old Pinto's back, it looked like a topygraphical survey of the whole Rocky Mountain system.

"Doc. he runs his hand up and down along this high divide, and says he, 'Just like what I thought,' says he. 'The patient has suffered a distinct leesbun in the immediate vicinity of his vaseline motor centres.'"

"You mean the vaso-motor centres," said I.

"That's what I said," said Curly aggressively.

"Now, when we all heard Doc. say them words we knew he was shore scientific, and we come up close while the examination was progressin'.

"'Most extraordinary,' says Doc., feelin' some more. 'Now, here is a distinct luxation in the lumber regions.' He talked like Pinto had a wooden leg.

"'I should diagnose great cerebral excitation, along with pronounced ocular hesitation,' says Doc. at last.

"'Now look here, Doc.,' says Jimmy Haynes to him then. 'You go careful. We all know there's somethin' strange about this here horse; but now, if he's got any bone pressin' on him anywhere that makes him run the way he does, why, you be blamed careful not to monkey with that there particular bone. Don't you touch his runnin' bone, because that's all right the way it is.'

"'Don't you worry any,' says the Doc. 'All I should do would only be to increase his nerve supply. In time I could remedy his ocular defecks, too,' says he. He allows that if we will give him time he can make Pinto's eyes straighten out so's he'll look like a new rockin' horse Christmas mornin' at a church festival. Incidentally he suggests that we get a tall leather blinder and run it down Pinto's nose, right between his eyes.

"This last was what caught us most of all. 'This here blinder idea,' says Tom Redmond, 'is plumb scientific. The trouble with us cowpunchers is we ain't got no brains, or we wouldn't be cowpunchers! Now look here, Pinto's right eye looks off to the left, and his left eye looks off to the right. Like enough he sees all sorts of things on both sides of him, and gets 'em mixed. Now, you put this here harness leather between his eyes, and his right eye looks plumb into it on one side, and his left eye looks into it on the other. Result is, he can't see nothin' at *all!* Now, if he'll only run when he's *blind*, why, we can skin them Socorro people till it seems like a shame.'

"Well, right then we all felt money in our pockets. We seemed most too good to be out ridin' sign, or pullin' old cows out of mudholes. 'You leave all that to me,' says Doc. 'By the time I've worked on this patient's nerve centres for a while I'll make a new horse out of him. You watch me,' says he. That made us all feel cheerful. We thought this wasn't such a bad world, after all.

"We passed the hat in the interest of modern science, and we fenced off a place in the corral and set up a school of ostypathy in our midst. Doc. he done some things that seemed to us right strange at first. He gits Pinto up in one corner and takes him by the ear, and tries to break his neck, with his foot in the middle of his back. Then he goes around on the other side and does the same thing. He hammers him up one side and down the other, and works him and wiggles him till us cowpunchers thought he was goin' to scatter him around worse than Cassybianca on the burnin' deck after the exploshun. My experience, though, is that it's right hard to shake a horse to pieces. Pinto he stood it all right. And say, he got so gentle, with that tall blinder between his eyes, that he'd 'a' followed off a sheepherder.

"All this time we was throwin' oats aplenty into Pinto, rubbin' his legs down, and gettin' him used to a saddle a little bit lighter than a regular cow saddle. Doc. he allows he can see his eyes straightenin' out every day. 'I ought to have a year on this job,' says he; 'but these here is urgent times.'

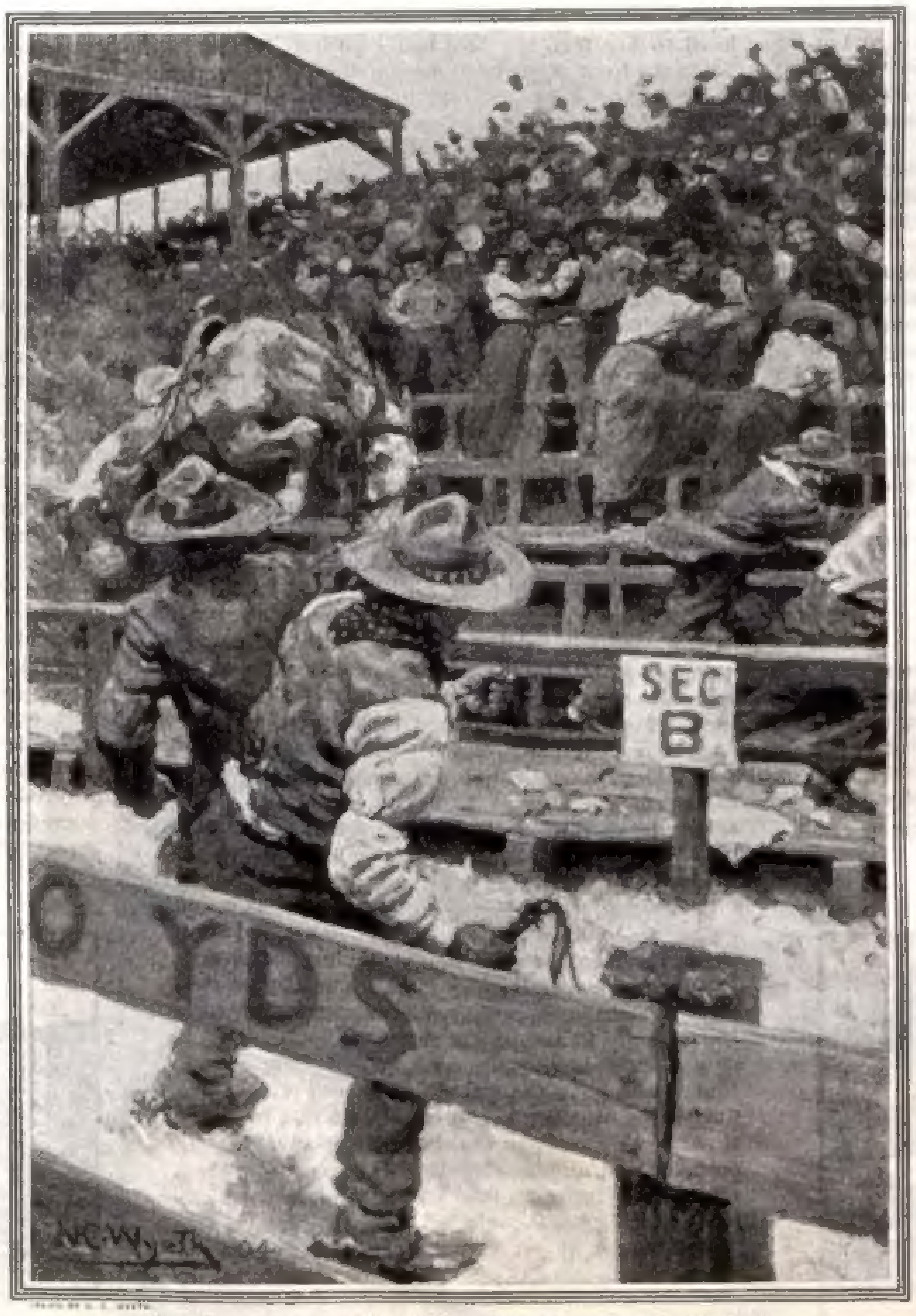
"I should say they was urgent. The time for the county fair at Socorro was comin' right close. At last we takes the old Hasenberg Pinto over to Socorro to the fair, and there we enters him in everything from the front to the back of the racin' book. My friend, you would have shed tears of pity to see them folks fall down over theirselves tryin' to hand us their money against old Pinto. There was horses there from Montana to Arizona, all kinds of fancy riders, and money—Oh, law! Us Bar T fellers we took everythin' offered—put up everythin' we had, down to our spurs. Then we'd go off by ourselves and look at each other solemn. We was gettin' rich so quick we felt almost scared.

"There come nigh to bein' a little shootin' just before the horses was gettin' ready for the first race, which was for a mile and a half. We led old Pinto out, and some feller standin' by he says, sarcastic-like, 'What's that I see comin': a snow plow?' Him alludin' to the single blinder on Pinto's nose.

"'I reckon you'll think it's been snowin' when we get through,' said Tom Redmond to him, scornful. 'The best thing you can do is to shut up, unless you've got a little money you want to contribute to the Bar T festival.' But about then they hollered for the horses to go to the post, and there wasn't no more talk.

"Pinto he acted meek and humble, just like a glass-eyed angel, and the starter didn't have no trouble with him at all. At last

(*Concluded on Page 22*)



DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

"HE FALLS TO BUCKIN' SINCERE AND CONSCIENTIOUS UP THERE AMONG THE BENCHES"

THE LAP OF LUXURY

What Mr. Midas Does with His Day Off, and How Much it Costs Him

BY RENÉ BACHE

MUSCULARITY is extremely fashionable in these days. Dandies no longer affect languor and effeminacy, as once they did, and the leader of cotillions is more apt than not, in the hours he can spare from his social duties, to recruit his energies with exercise of the most strenuous character. There are in New York City, for example, three or four young gentlemen of position whose custom it is, from time to time, to hire professional pugilists of minor reputation to come and fight with them — not box, mind you, but fight — in consideration of an honorarium of $50 or $100 for a bout to a finish. They pick out men of about their own weight, and if they get "licked" they are quite satisfied, deeming the sport well worth the money. The "pug." has every inducement to do his best, because he is informed that if beaten he will not be employed again.

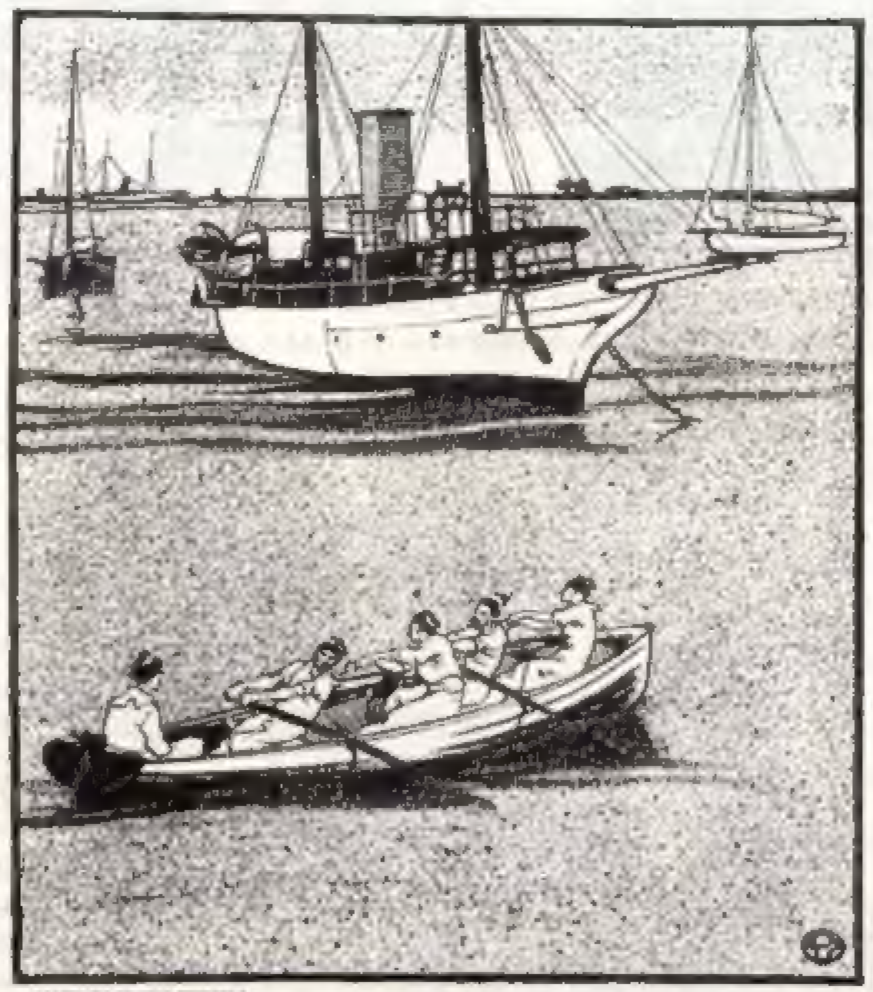
This sort of thing may be brutal, but it is undeniably useful, and a vigorous young gentleman such as one of these may be reckoned thoroughly capable of taking care of himself in the face of any danger. Most of the ruder outdoor sports are really more perilous than fighting with the fists, and it is noticeable at the present time that no form of amusement is more popular with members of the so-called "smart set," women as well as men, than fox-hunting, notwithstanding the hazard of life and limb which it involves. Every now and then somebody is killed or permanently maimed, but the hunt goes on just the same — whether fox or aniseseed bag be the quarry — its popularity being due in a measure, doubtless, to the fact that it is exclusively and necessarily a pastime of the rich. The country clubs that make hunting a special feature are always extremely "swell" and proportionately expensive, and, what with the cost of the blooded horses used and numerous incidentals, the outlay required is surprisingly large.

Automobiling, which, as pursued by the very rich, is certainly to be considered an extra-hazardous sport, is to-day the fashionable amusement *par excellence*. By many persons of that privileged class the horseless carriages are not used as vehicles for transportation in the ordinary sense, but to gratify an entirely new passion, to which the name "speed mania" has been given. This seems to be as well defined a form of mental derangement as any the mental alienists have ever classified, its most peculiar symptom being a loss of moral sense in so far as danger to other people is concerned. The desire to fly through the air like a cannon-ball absorbs every other thought, and all anxieties for the safety of self, friend or stranger are swallowed up in it.

"Bubbling" is one of the most expensive amusements ever devised. It costs money to run a private locomotive, and, what with the difficulty of keeping its complicated machinery in order and the incessant cleaning and polishing it requires, the care of a car of the largest size will easily occupy all of the time of two skilled men. Such a car at the beginning is sold by the manufacturer for the price of a handsome city residence — say, $15,000 or $20,000. If designed rather for comfort than for racing, it may be so constructed as to be practically a room on wheels, with all modern conveniences, including a completely-equipped lavatory, with washstand and running water.

A House on Wheels

INGENUITY is well-nigh exhausted in devising new ways of spending money on automobiles. All the fashions relating to this fad come from Paris, and something new is constantly being invented. The chauffeur, according to the latest style, must wear a suit of leather, and the correct costume for a lady who "bubbles" is a dust-proof coat of champagne-colored silk which covers her from the crown of her head to her feet, her face being entirely hidden, while goggles in the front of the headpiece make seeing practicable.


DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

THE MOST COSTLY OF ALL THE MILLIONAIRE'S OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS IS YACHTING

The up-to-date auto for traveling can be so arranged at night as to afford sleeping quarters for one or two persons. It is provided with card-tables, and may be illuminated after dark by electricity, a dozen incandescent lights being turned on by the pressure of a button. There are mirrors, all necessary toilet appurtenances, an eight-day clock, and even a cigar-case and cigar-lighter set into a recess in the wall of the room on wheels. On the outside is slung a large "outing basket," which is also a refrigerator. It has a compartment for cracked ice, which lasts for five or six hours, thanks to a thick layer of felt that covers the zinc box inside of the basket. This receptacle, the top of which is air-tight, will contain food for eight persons.

In speaking of the risks of automobiling to those who are not taking part in the sport, it might be well to explain that a vehicle of this kind traveling along a country road at sixty miles an hour (a speed frequently exceeded) is not able suddenly to turn out in order to avoid a wagon, in case of threatened collision. On seeing the wagon ahead, the chauffeur *takes aim* at it from a distance of half or three-quarters of a mile, with a view to missing it by not more than a foot, perhaps. Often he comes much closer, but, if something unexpected happens, he cannot swerve at the last moment without causing his machine to go "skidding" into the ditch. Thus he is compelled to keep on, and the ordinary wayfarer is liable to suffer. However, if anybody is killed or maimed the automobilist apologizes and pays with courteous promptitude a small fine.

The very latest thing in locomotion for millionaires is the so-called "auto boat" — a species of racing craft which is as yet in the infancy of its development. A mere shell fifty or sixty feet in length, with a knifelike bow and a stern resembling that of a torpedo-boat, it is propelled by the same sort of engine that furnishes power for a horseless carriage on land. The engine is of sixty or more horse-power, and the speed attained is from twenty to twenty-six miles an hour. This is only a beginning, however. W. K. Vanderbilt, Junior, who holds the automobile record of a mile in thirty-nine seconds, has an equal ambition to arrive at some other place in the shortest conceivable time on the water, and he confidently expects to go at a rate of forty miles an hour on the Hudson when the new style of craft is perfected.

The time may yet arrive when voyaging on the rivers will become as perilous for common folks, by reason of swift and recklessly-driven auto boats, as traveling on country roads now is made by record-breaking motor-cars. For it should not be supposed that these craft are destined to remain mere small fry, as at present. What the modest runabout is to the huge touring-car, such is the relation of the auto boat of to-day to the large vessel, similarly propelled, which the manufacturers are already contemplating as a thing to be realized in the near future.

The auto boat, which as yet is small and cheap, costing not more than $15,000, has hardly got beyond the experimental stage; but the automobile manufacturers who are building these water craft are already making plans for vessels 150 feet in length, with enormously increased horse-power. Very little space on board being occupied by machinery, and no coal being carried (the fuel used is gasoline), there is a surprising amount of room inside. A fifty-foot boat, not built for racing, will provide cabin space for sixteen people, with a bathroom and all requisite conveniences, while a sixty-footer will carry as many passengers as a 150-foot steam yacht, requiring only two men to run her, instead of thirty. Thus it appears that the auto boat has a future as a vehicle of comfort and luxury on the water, apart entirely from its efficiency as a racing machine.

What it Costs to Run a Yacht

THE most costly of all the millionaire's outdoor amusements is yachting — especially if the boat that carries his flag is a steam yacht. About 200 steam yachts are owned by rich men in New York City, and perhaps twenty-five of them are vessels of large size — over 200 feet in length. The smallest cruising craft of this kind is sixty feet long, and can be built for $10,000; the big ones cost from $200,000 to $400,000. Many persons of wealth who have country places on Long Island Sound, or up the Hudson, use their yachts chiefly as ferryboats, one might say, to carry them to and from the city every day in summer; and for their use the municipal authorities of the metropolis have provided, close by Castle Garden, at the foot of Manhattan Island, a small water inclosure which is popularly known as the Millionaires' Basin.

If his steam yacht costs the rich man a great deal of money, it is undeniably the most luxurious and delightful toy imaginable. It is practically a Fifth Avenue mansion afloat, reduced in scale and more compact, but with the same conveniences and equally sumptuous accommodations. The dining-room is superb, with elaborate decorations and furniture of rare woods beautifully carved; the library, which is a lounging-place, with leather-covered chairs and sofas and plenty of books, runs clear across the boat, and has a dome skylight of cathedral glass. There is at least one bathroom, tiled and with a porcelain tub, for each two staterooms, and to the tubs are supplied both fresh and salt water, hot and cold. The pantry is a roomy apartment, with dumb-waiter and cold-storage box, and an ice machine of one-ton capacity is operated by a dynamo. Nearly all of the machinery is electrical, save that used for the propulsion of the craft; there are powerful electric searchlights, and four or five hundred incandescent lights are distributed through the vessel.

The cost of running a steam yacht necessarily varies with its size. A sixty-footer may be kept in commission for $300 a month, not counting food supplies. For a 150-footer the monthly expense would be $3000 perhaps. But when it comes to a pleasure craft like Pierpont Morgan's Corsair, 304 feet on the water-line, or John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal, which is even bigger, the outlay is enormously greater. It costs about $20,000 a month to run the Corsair, and it is probable that Mr. Astor's bills for the Nourmahal in the summer-time amount to not less than $25,000 every thirty days. The pay-roll of the officers and crew of such a vessel,

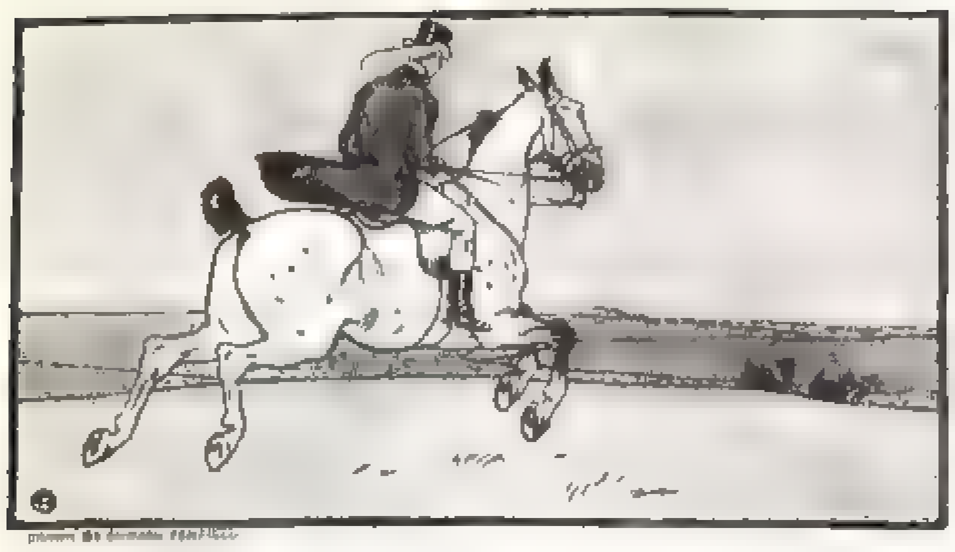
DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH IS IT CALLED THE SPORT OF KINGS

DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

A CROSS BETWEEN THE THOROUGHBRED AND THE COW PONY OF THE PLAINS

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Bache. The next will appear in an early number.



THE COUNTRY CLUBS THAT MAKE HUNTING A SPECIAL FEATURE ARE ALWAYS EXTREMELY SWELL

which is a good sized steamship, will touch $4500 or possibly $5000 a month

A first-class steam yacht carries a crew of fifty or more men. The Aphrodite, owned by Colonel Oliver H. Payne, requires sixty-two. There must be three cooks, a steward, two assistant stewards, and six or seven men who serve as "chambermaids" and waiters. The Nourmahal also has a couple of stewardesses, for the convenience of lady guests on board. Thirty sailors draw pay at the rate of thirty dollars a month; the captain gets $200 a month—Howard Gould pays his captain $5000 a year—and two mates are employed at seventy-five and fifty dollars respectively. The chief engineer draws $125, the assistant engineer $100, and an oiler fifty dollars a month. To these must be added four firemen at forty dollars a month and four stokers at the same wages. Of course, the chief cook is likely to be a French chef, at $100 or $500 a month.

Mr. Midas' Unending Procession of Expenses

SUCH a boat consumes twenty tons of coal a day, and at that rate, if she is kept going five months in the year, she will burn up something like 3000 tons, the item of fuel alone coming to $10,000 for the season. For the rest of the year she is laid up in a basin, at an expense of $200 a month, and the cleaning and painting she has to undergo cost a pretty penny. It takes two weeks and an expenditure of $1000 to lay her up, and a couple of months and $5000 to put her into commission again. From these figures it is easy to understand where the money goes for a steam yacht, though it should be realized that bills for food supplies (not reckoned in the above account) are simply huge, especially when much entertaining is done. Anybody would be interested to know what it cost Cornelius Vanderbilt, on his recent trip abroad, to entertain Emperor William on board his yacht, and to meet on an appropriately sumptuous scale certain other social obligations which were imposed upon him by his intimacy with the great ones of the earth. Very possibly he did not get off for less than $100,000 for a few weeks' amusement.

But what is the use of being a multi-millionaire unless you can enjoy yourself without making sordid comparisons between your bank-book and your check-stubs? When the late Pierre Lorillard, not long before his death, ordered a boat to be built for him, he ransacked Europe for her furnishings. Even the chandeliers were imported, because there was nothing of the kind beautiful enough in this country. Unfortunately, he died before the yacht was finished; the things he had purchased were never put into her, and the hull was sold to some other rich man at a bargain.

Not a few rich men nowadays prefer sailing yachts, because of the superior accommodations which they afford. There is more comfort to be had, they assert, in a 100-foot schooner than in a 200-foot steam yacht. Such a schooner costs only about $30,000, and has a crew of twenty-five, with eighteen before the mast. Whereas a steam yacht is largely occupied by machinery and coal, which take up nearly the whole of the middle portion of the vessel, in a schooner the entire body of the craft is available for living purposes. Even a sloop, sixty or seventy feet long, and costing $18,000, perhaps, will carry six or eight cabin passengers very cozily.

When the multi millionaire takes a holiday jaunt to Europe he commonly pays $2500 or $3000 for his "booking" on a trans-Atlantic liner, securing at this price accommodations for himself, wife and two children, perhaps, with a couple of servants, the latter being rated as first-class passengers. The rooms assigned to him—three to five in number, connected, and as gorgeous as restricted space permits—are in a part of the vessel where the motion is least. Of course, he gives huge fees (the stewardess will expect at least twenty-five dollars), but the comfort enjoyed will be greatly augmented thereby. To common mortals there would seem to be nothing possible beyond, in the way of luxurious voyaging; but for the occasional and uncommon person, who is nearly always an American with unlimited cash, there is usually an "imperial suite" (such as that in which the Cornelius Vanderbilts returned to New York recently), which can be hired at $5000 for the seven day trip.

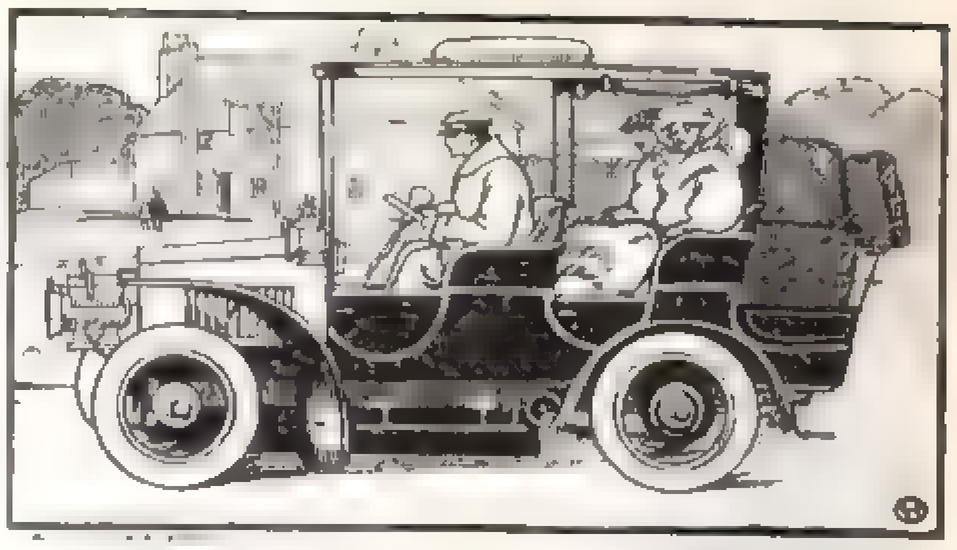
Recalling the history of the bicycle and its decadence as a vehicle of fashion, many people are inclined to believe that the automobile, when the novelty of it has worn off, will lose its popularity with those who greatly spend. Even to-day it can scarcely be said that horses are out of style, inasmuch as most of the millionaires still maintain their stables on the same scale as formerly. This form of extravagance, as they pursue it, affords much opportunity for expenditure, inasmuch as the first investment for animals and carriages may easily amount to $100,000, while $40,000 a year thereafter will be moderate for the upkeep of an establishment started on that basis of outlay.

Many a rich man nowadays spends on the building of his stable as much as a simple millionaire of a generation ago would have thought of paying for his pretentious city residence. The carriages absolutely required by a family that is ambitious to keep up appearances in a fashionable sense are a brougham, a victoria, a landau, a driving trap for the head of the household, and a phaeton for his wife. Beginning with this list, as representing what is indispensable, one may expand indefinitely. One might mention the names of several wealthy individuals who possess as many as thirty-five or forty horse-drawn vehicles, and some of them, like Mr. James H. Hyde, who has no fewer than four drags, indulge an expensive fancy for certain types of carriages.

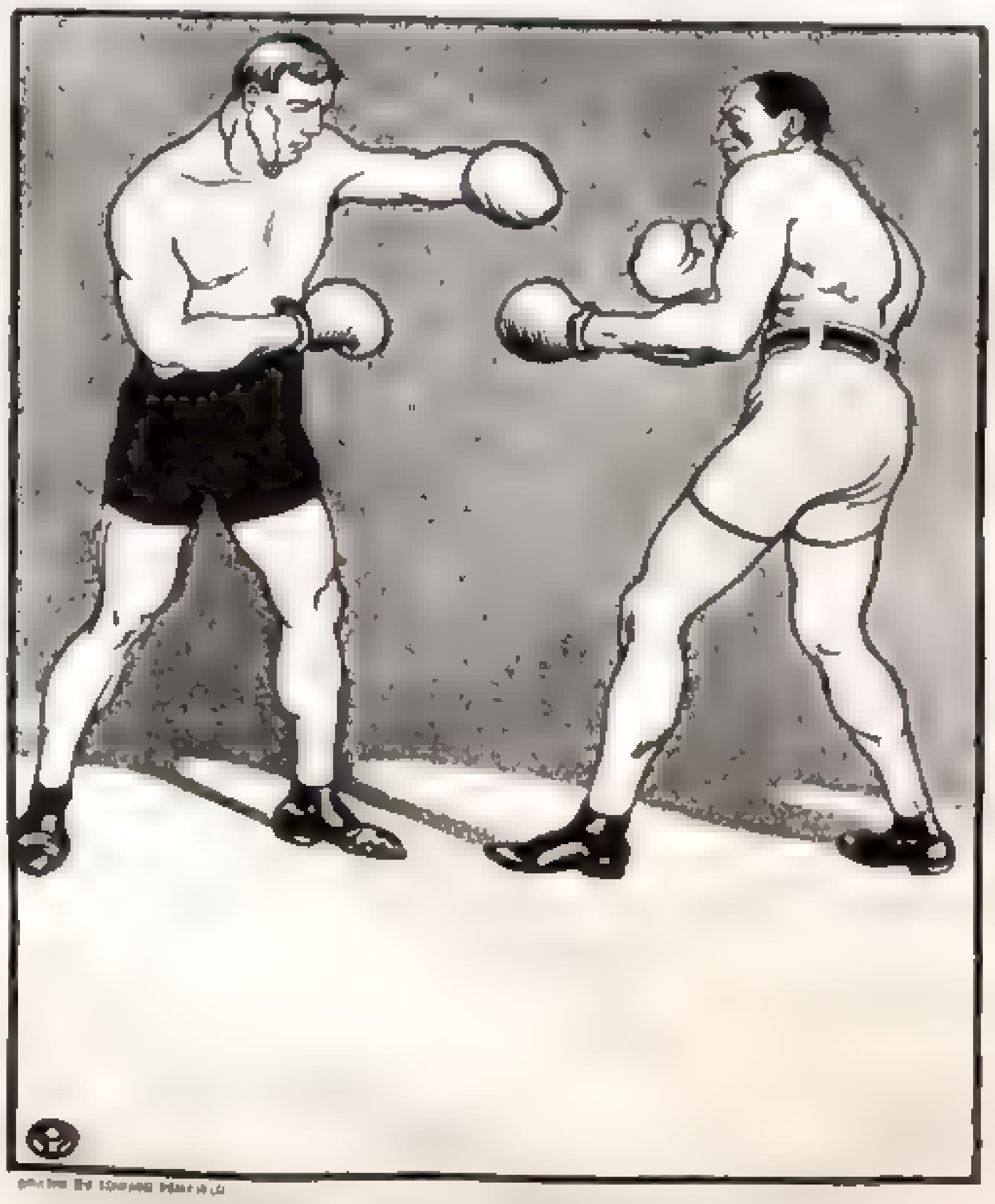
Persons who have not had occasion to buy carriages of fashionable patterns do not realize how much they cost. A drag, which is a species of coach modified for exclusively private use, and provided with champagne-coolers, is charged to Mr. Dives by the manufacturer at $2800. For a road coach he will have to pay $2600, while a "break" will stand him in $1850, and the necessary landau and victoria will come to $2000 and $1400 respectively. Other vehicles are proportionately expensive, the brougham being quoted at $1650 and the omnibus at $1700.

When it was stated that yachting was the most expensive of outdoor amusements consideration was omitted of one form of sport which swallows money at a rate unapproached by any other. Appropriately enough is it called the "sport of kings," inasmuch as only a very few private individuals can afford to indulge in it. These are days when $50,000 is not much to pay for a thoroughbred horse, and it is reasonable to suppose that his racing stable cost the late William C. Whitney an average of half a million dollars a year, even allowing for the great sums in purses which he won. That remarkable man was the most prodigal money-spender this country has ever seen; but, possessing the veritable Midas touch which turns everything to gold, he made money faster than he was able to squander it.

Probably there is no form of excitement so intensely delightful as that of seeing one's own horse win a race, and so, doubtless, the sport of horse-racing is worth all the money it costs to the few rich men who, without the desire for gain that animates the professional stable-owners, display their colors on the turf. To maintain a first-class string of thoroughbreds in active participation in "events" at the various tracks will separate Mr. Dives from huge slices of his bank account. He employs, perhaps, half a dozen jockeys, to whom he pays from $5000 to $30,000 a year—the latter price is nothing extraordinary, for a first-rate "jock" is one of the rarest of birds—and, in addition, he must have expert trainers, with a small army of stable-boys and helpers. Even the expense of transporting the animals over long distances by rail mounts up frightfully. Indeed, when the total is reckoned, it seems as if there was no other way in which a man could get rid of money so rapidly.



AUTOMOBILING IS TO-DAY THE FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENT PAR EXCELLENCE



HIRE PROFESSIONAL PUGILISTS OF MINOR REPUTATION TO COME AND FIGHT WITH THEM

The death of William C. Whitney makes James R. Keene the most conspicuous "gentleman owner" of race-horses on the American turf to-day. Mr. Keene has followed the sport since it had its first beginnings in the North, those engaged in it up to twenty-five years ago having been chiefly Southerners. He was proprietor of the famous Spendthrift, which in those early days was beaten at Saratoga by Falsetto, a colt from Dixie Land. Falsetto afterward captured the "Kenner stake," which was the largest ever known up to that time, amounting to $3500, and was promptly purchased for the wonderful price, as it was then considered, of $20,000. At present, the event known as the "Futurity," contested annually—a race run by two-year-olds which are entered before they are born—is never worth less than $50,000 to the winner, and a dozen other purses run from $15,000 to $45,000

The Millionaries' Game

TO THE every-day citizen golf is not an expensive amusement, but when the rich man takes it up it assumes a different phase, and is liable to become a costly kind of sport. For Mr. Millionaire is not satisfied to belong to a club, and to use a common playground, but, in order to be happy, requires private links.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who is supposed to be the wealthiest American, has spent more on the game than any other living individual, maintaining links not only at his home in Tarrytown, but also at Lakewood, N. J. (where he bought out a club), and in Florida.

Polo has been called the "millionaires' game," and not without reason, inasmuch as players quite commonly keep fifteen or twenty ponies solely for this kind of sport. One can get along with four or five, but not comfortably, inasmuch as the animals are frequently injured and temporarily disabled, while it is very desirable from time to time to have a fresh mount as the play progresses. At Georgian Court, in Lakewood, George Gould's superb estate, that young plutocrat keeps from thirty to forty polo ponies on hand all the time, and in spring and autumn he fills a separate bachelors' hall with "polo men" invited down to the games.

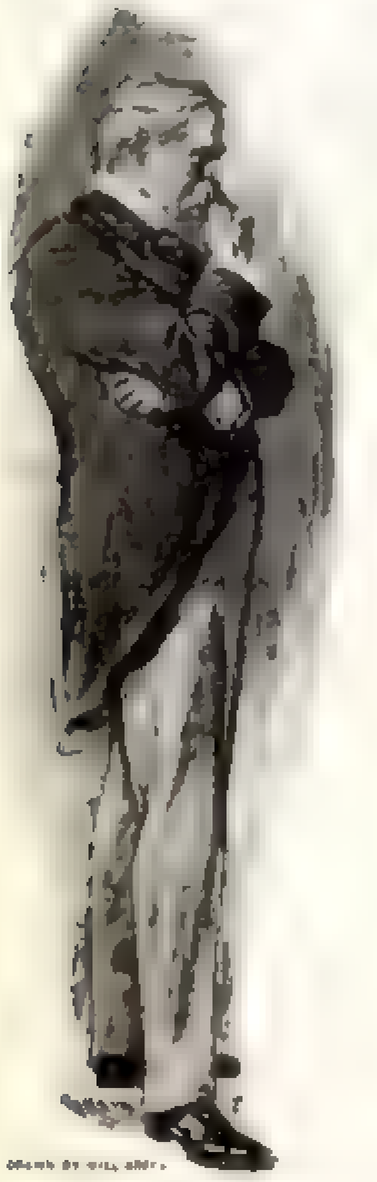
Good polo ponies are high-priced animals because it is necessary that they shall combine a number of qualities, among which are high intelligence, endurance, agility, strength and weight-carrying ability. They must also take a keen interest in the game, and not every horse by any means can learn it. They should weigh not over 850 pounds, and ought not to exceed fourteen hands in height. Speed is required as a matter of course, with quickness of sight, and the saying is that a satisfactory pony for polo ought to have "quarters like a carthorse, with such control of himself as to be able to turn on a dollar."

It is understood that the polo pony was originally derived from a cross between the thoroughbred and the "cow pony" of the plains. But, whatever the beast's derivation, he is certainly a luxury that only the rich can afford to enjoy.

This is the epoch of the multi-millionaire. Wealth governs, and its reign is perpetuated not by saving—else "Uncle Russell" Sage would be a social power—but by spending on a great scale. If Mr. Dives enjoys a proud preëminence in society it is because he pays for it, and, inasmuch as the free distribution of his riches puts bread into a great number of mouths, he may be considered as serving a useful as well as a picturesque purpose in the scheme of contemporary creation.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



"BILLY SAYS THAT WILL AIN'T TO BE PROBATED," HE INFORMED HER TESTILY

XXX

THE next day there was a general exodus from Selwoode, and Margaret's satellites dispersed upon their divers ways. Selwoode, as they understood it, was no longer hers; and they knew Billy Woods well enough to recognize that from Selwoode's new master there were no desirable pickings to be had such as the philanthropic crew had battened on these four years past. So there came to them, one and all, urgent telegrams or insistent letters or some equally unanswerable demand for their presence elsewhere, such as are prevalent among our guests in very dull or very troublous times.

Miss Hugonin smiled a little bitterly. She considered that the scales had fallen from her eyes, and flattered herself that she was by way of becoming a bit of a misanthrope; also, I believe, there was a note concerning the hollowness of life and the worthlessness of society in general. In a word, Margaret fell back upon the extreme cynicism and world-weariness of twenty-three, and assured herself that she despised everybody, whereas, as a matter of fact, she never in her life succeeded in disliking anything except mice and piano-practice, and, for a very little while, Billy Woods; and this for the very excellent reason that the gods had fashioned her solely to the end that she might love all mankind, and in return be loved by humanity in general and adored by that portion of it which inhabits trousers.

But "The rats always desert a sinking ship," said Miss Hugonin, with the air of one delivering a particularly original sentiment. "They make me awfully tired, and I don't care for them in the least. But Petheridge Jukesbury is a *dear*, and I may be poor now, but I *did* try to do good with the money when I had it, and, *anyhow*, Billy is going to get well."

And, after all, that was the one thing that really mattered, though, of course, Billy would always despise her. He would be quite right, too, the girl thought humbly.

But the conventionalities of life are more powerful than even youthful cynicism and youthful heart-break. Prior to devoting herself to a loveless life and the commonplaces of the stoic's tub, Miss Hugonin was compelled by the barest decency to bid her guests God-speed.

And Adèle Haggage kissed her for the first time in her life. She had been a little awed by Miss Hugonin, the famous heiress—a little jealous of her, I dare say, on account of Hugh Van Orden—but now she kissed her very heartily in farewell, and said, "Don't forget you are to come to us as soon as *possible*," and was beyond any question perfectly sincere in saying it.

And Hugh Van Orden almost dragged Margaret under the main stairway, and, far from showing any marked abhorrence to her in her present state of destitution, implored her with tears in his eyes to marry him at once, and to bring the Colonel to live with them for the rest of his natural existence.

For, "It's infernally impertinent of me, of course," Mr. Van Orden readily conceded, "and I suppose I ought to beg your pardon for mentioning it, but I *do* love you to a perfectly unlimited extent. It's playing the very deuce with my polo, Miss Hugonin, and as for my appetite—why, if you won't have me," cried Hugh, in desperation, "I—I really, you know, I don't believe I'll *ever* be able to eat anything!"

When Margaret refused him—for the sixth time, I think—I won't swear that she didn't kiss him under the dark stairway. And if she did, he was a nice boy, and he deserved it.

And as for Sarah Ellen Haggage, that unreverend old parasite brought her a blank check signed with her name, and mentioned quite a goodly sum as the extent to which Margaret might go for necessary expenses.

"For you'll need it," she said, and rubbed her nose reflectively. "Moving is the very deuce for wasting money, because so many little things keep cropping up. Now, remember, a quarter is quite enough to give *any* man for moving a trunk. And there's no earthly sense in your taking a cab, Margaret—the street car will bring you within a block of our door. These little trifles count, dear. And don't let Célestine pack your things, because she's abominably careless. Let Marie do it—and don't tip her. Give her an old hat. And if I were you I would certainly consult a lawyer about the legality of that idiotic will. I remember distinctly hearing that Mr. Woods was very eccentric in his last days, and I haven't a doubt he was raving mad when he left all his money to a great, strapping, long-legged young fellow who is perfectly capable of taking care of himself. Getting better, is he? Well, I suppose I'm glad to hear it, but he'd much better have stayed in Paris—where, I remember distinctly hearing, he led the most dissipated and immoral life, my dear—instead of coming over here and upsetting everything." And again Mrs. Haggage rubbed her nose—indignantly.

"He *didn't!*" said Margaret. "And I *can't* take your money, beautiful! And I don't see how we can possibly come to stay with you."

"Don't you argue with me!" Mrs. Haggage exhorted her. "I'm not in any temper to be argued with. I've spent the morning sewing bias stripes on a bias skirt—something which, from a moral-ruining and resolution-overthrowing standpoint, simply knocks the spots off Job. You'll take that money, and you'll come to me as soon as you can, and—God bless you, my dear!"

And again Margaret was kissed. Altogether, it was a very osculatory morning for Miss Hugonin.

Mr. Jukesbury's adieus, however, were more formal; and—I am sorry to say it—the old fellow went away wondering if the rich Mr. Woods might not conceivably be very grateful to the man who had saved his life and evince his gratitude in some agreeable and substantial form.

Mrs. Saumarez and Mr. Kennaston, also, were somewhat unenthusiastic in their parting. Kennaston could not feel quite at ease with Margaret, brazen it as he might with devil-may-care flippancy; and Kathleen had by this an inkling as to how matters stood between Margaret and Billy, and was somewhat puzzled thereat, and loved the former in consequence no more than any Christian female is compelled to love the woman who, either unconsciously or with deliberation, purloins her ancient lover. A woman rarely forgives the man who has ceased to care for her; and more rarely still can she pardon the woman who has dared succeed her in his affections.

And besides, they were utterly engrossed with one another, and utterly happy, and utterly selfish with the immemorial selfishness of lovers, who cannot for a moment conceive that the whole world is not somehow benefited by their happiness and does not await with breathless interest the outcome of their bickerings with the blind bow-god, and from this providential delusion derive a meritorious and comfortable glow. So Mrs. Saumarez and Mr. Kennaston parted from Margaret with kindness, it is true, but not without awkwardness.

And that was the man that almost she had loved! thought Margaret, as she gazed on the whirl of dust left by their carriage wheels. Gone with a few perfunctory words of sympathy!

And, for my part, I think that the base Indian who threw a pearl away worth more than all his tribe was, in comparison with Felix Kennaston, a shrewd and long-headed man. If you had given *me* his chances, Margaret . . . but this, however, is highly digressive.

The Colonel, standing beside her, used language that was unrefined. His aspirations as to the future of Mr. Kennaston and Mr. Jukesbury, it appeared, were both lurid and unfriendly.

"But why, attractive?" queried his daughter.

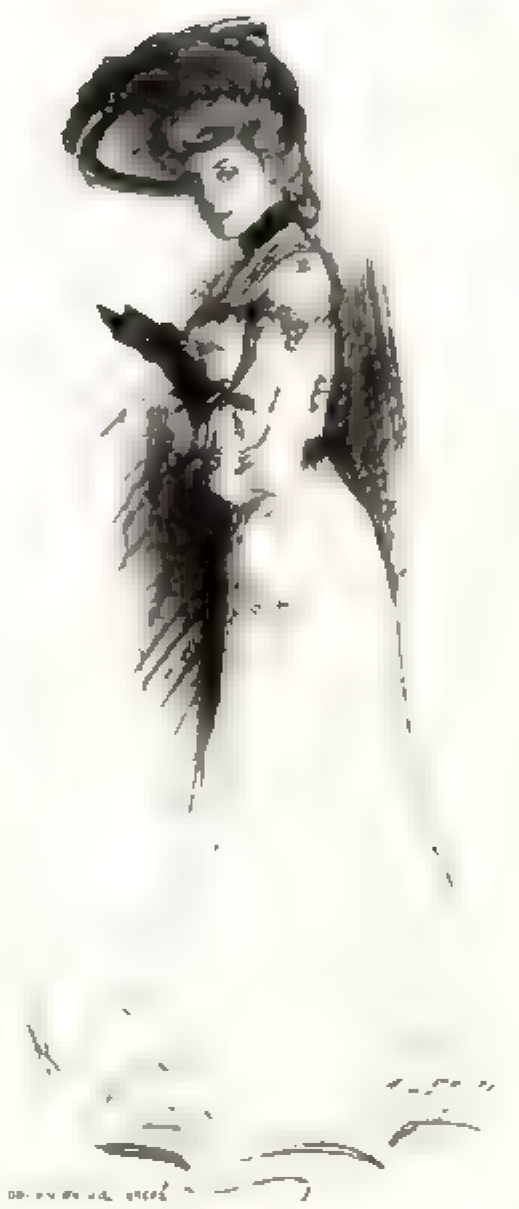
"May they be qualified with such and such adjectives!" desired the Colonel fervently. "They tried to lend me money—wouldn't hear of my not taking it! 'In case of necessity.' Bah!" said the Colonel, and shook his fist after the retreating carriages. "May they be qualified with such and such adjectives!"

How happily she laughed! "And you're swearing at them!" she pouted. "Oh, my dear, my dear, how hard you are on all my little friends!"

"Of course I am," said the Colonel stoutly. "They've deprived me of the pleasure of despising 'em. It was worth double the money, I tell you! I never objected to any men quite so much. And now they've gone and behaved decently with the deliberate purpose of annoying me! Oh!" cried the Colonel, and shook an immaculate, withered old hand toward the spring sky, "may they be qualified with such and such adjectives!"

XXXI

DOCTOR JEAL, better than his word, had Billy Woods out of bed in five days. To Billy they were very long and very dreary days, and to Margaret very long and penitential ones. But Colonel Hugonin enjoyed them thoroughly; for, as he feelingly and frequently observed, it is an immense consolation to any man to reflect that his home no longer contains "more blanked foolishness to the square inch than any other house in the United States."



"I'VE BEEN FOR A DRIVE, BILLY," SHE MENDACIOUSLY INFORMED HIM

On all sides they sought for Cock-eye Flinks. But they never found him, and to this day they have never found him. The Fates, having played their pawn, swept it from the board, and Cock-eye Flinks disappeared in Clotho's capacious pocket.

All this time the young people saw nothing of one another. On this point Jeal was firm.

"In a sick-room," he vehemently declared, "a woman is well enough, but *the* woman is the devil and all. I've told that young man plainly, sir, that he doesn't see your daughter till he gets well—and, by George, sir, he'll get well now just in order to see her. Nature is the only doctor who ever cures anybody, Colonel; we humans, for all our pill-boxes and lancets, can only prompt her—and very demoralizing advice we generally give her, too."

"Peggy"

This was the first observation of Mr. Woods when he came to his senses. He swore feebly when Peggy was denied to him. He pleaded. He scolded. He even threatened, as a last resort, to get out of bed and go in immediate search of her; and, in return, Jeal told him very affably that it was far less difficult to manage a patient in a strait-jacket than one out of it, and that, personally, nothing would please him so much as a plausible pretext for clapping Mr. Woods into one of 'em. Jeal had his own methods in dealing with the fractious.

Then Billy clamored for Colonel Hugonin, and subsequently the Colonel came in some bewilderment to his daughter's rooms.

"Billy says that will ain't to be probated," he informed her testily. "I'm to make sure it ain't probated till he gets well. You're to give me your word you'll do nothing further in the matter till Billy gets well. That's his message, and I'd like to know what the deuce this infernal nonsense means. I ain't a Fenian nor yet a Guy Fawkes, daughter, and in consequence, I'm free to confess I don't care for all this mystery and shilly-shallying. But that's the message."

Miss Hugonin debated with herself. "That I will do nothing further in the matter till Billy gets well," she repeated reflectively. "Yes, I suppose I'll have to promise it, but you can tell him from me that I consider he is *horrid*, and just as obstinate and selfish as he can *possibly* be. Can you remember that, attractive?"

"Yes, thank you," said the Colonel. "I can remember it, but I ain't going to. Nice sort of message to send a sick man, ain't it? I don't know what's got into you, Margaret—no, begad, I don't! I think you're possessed of seventeen devils. And now," the old gentleman demanded, after an awkward pause, "are you or are you not going to tell me what all this mystery is about?"

"I can't," Miss Hugonin protested. "It—it's a secret, attractive."

"It ain't," said the Colonel flatly; "it's some more blamed foolishness." And he went away in a fret and using language.

XXXII

LEFT to herself Miss Hugonin meditated. Miss Hugonin was in her kimono.

And oh, Madame Chrysanthème! oh, Madam Butterfly! oh, Mimosa San, and Pitti Sing, and Yum Yum, and all ye vaunted beauties of Japan! if you could have seen her in that garb! Poor little ladies of the Orient, how hopelessly you would have wrung your henna-stained fingers! Poor little

Ichabods of the East, whose glory departed irretrievably when she adopted this garment, I tremble to think of the heart-burnings and palpitations and hari-karis that would have ensued.

It was pink—the pink of her cheeks to a shade. And scattered about it were birds, and butterflies, and snaky, emaciated dragons, with backs like saw-teeth, and prodigious fangs and claws and very curly tails, such as they breed in Nankeen plates and used to breed on packages of firecrackers—all done in gold, the gold of her hair. Moreover, one might catch a glimpse of her neck—which was a manifest favor of the gods—and about it mysterious, lacy white things intermingling with divers tiny blue ribbons. I saw her in it once—by accident.

And now, I fancy, as she stood rigid with indignation, her cheeks flushed, it must have been a heady spectacle to note how their shell-pink repeated the pink of her fantastic garment like a chromatic echo; and how her sunny hair, a thought loosened, a shade disheveled, clung heavily about her face, a golden snare for eye and heart; and how her own eyes, enormous, cerulean—twin sapphires such as in the old days might have ransomed a brace of emperors—grew wistful like a child's who has been punished and does not know exactly why; and how her petulant mouth quivered and the long black lashes, golden at the roots, quivered, too; ah, yes, it must have been a heady spectacle.

"*Now,*" she announced, "I see plainly what he intends doing. He is going to destroy that will, and burden me once more with a large and influential fortune. I don't want it, and I won't take it, and he might just as well understand that in the very beginning. I don't care if Uncle Fred did leave it to me—I didn't ask him to, did I? Besides, he was a very foolish old man—if he had left the money to Billy *everything* would have been all right. That's always the way—my dolls are invariably stuffed with sawdust, and I *never* have a dear gazelle to glad me with his dappled hide, but when he comes to know me well he falls upon the buttered side—or something to that effect. I hate poetry, anyhow—it's so mushy!"

And this from the Miss Hugonin who a week ago was interested in the French *décadents* and partial to folk-songs from the Romaic!

"*Oh!*" said Margaret with an indignant gasp, what time her eyebrows gesticulated, "I think Billy Woods is a meddlesome *piece!*—that's what I think! Does he suppose that after waiting all this time for the only man in the world who can keep me interested for four hours on a stretch, and send my pulse up to a hundred, and make me feel those thrilly thrills I've always longed for—does he suppose that now I'm going to pay any attention to his silly notions about wills and things? He's abominably selfish! I sha'n't!"

Margaret moved across the room, shimmering, rustling, glittering like a fairy in a pantomime. Then, to consider matters at greater ease, she curled up on a divan in much the attitude of a tiny Cleopatra riding at anchor on a carpeted Cydnus.

"Billy thinks I want the money—bless his boots! He thinks I'm a stuck-up, grasping, purse-proud little pig, and he has every right to think so after the way I talked to him, though he ought to have realized I was in a temper about Kathleen Saumarez and have paid no attention to what I said. And he actually attempted to reason with me! If he'd had *any* consideration for my feelings he'd have simply smacked me and made me behave—however, he's a man, and all men are selfish, and *she's* a skinny old thing, and I *never* had any use for her. Bother her lectures! I never understood a word of them, and I don't believe she does, either. Women's clubs are *all* silly, and I think the women who belong to them are *all* bold-faced jigs! If they had any sense they'd stay at home and take care of the babies, instead of messing with philanthropy, and education, and theosophy, and anything else that they can't make head or tail of. And they call that being cultured! Culture! I hate the word! I don't want to be cultured—I want to be happy."

This, you will observe, was, in effect, a sweeping recantation of every ideal Margaret had ever boasted. But Love is a canny pedagogue, and of late he had instructed Miss Hugonin in a variety of matters.

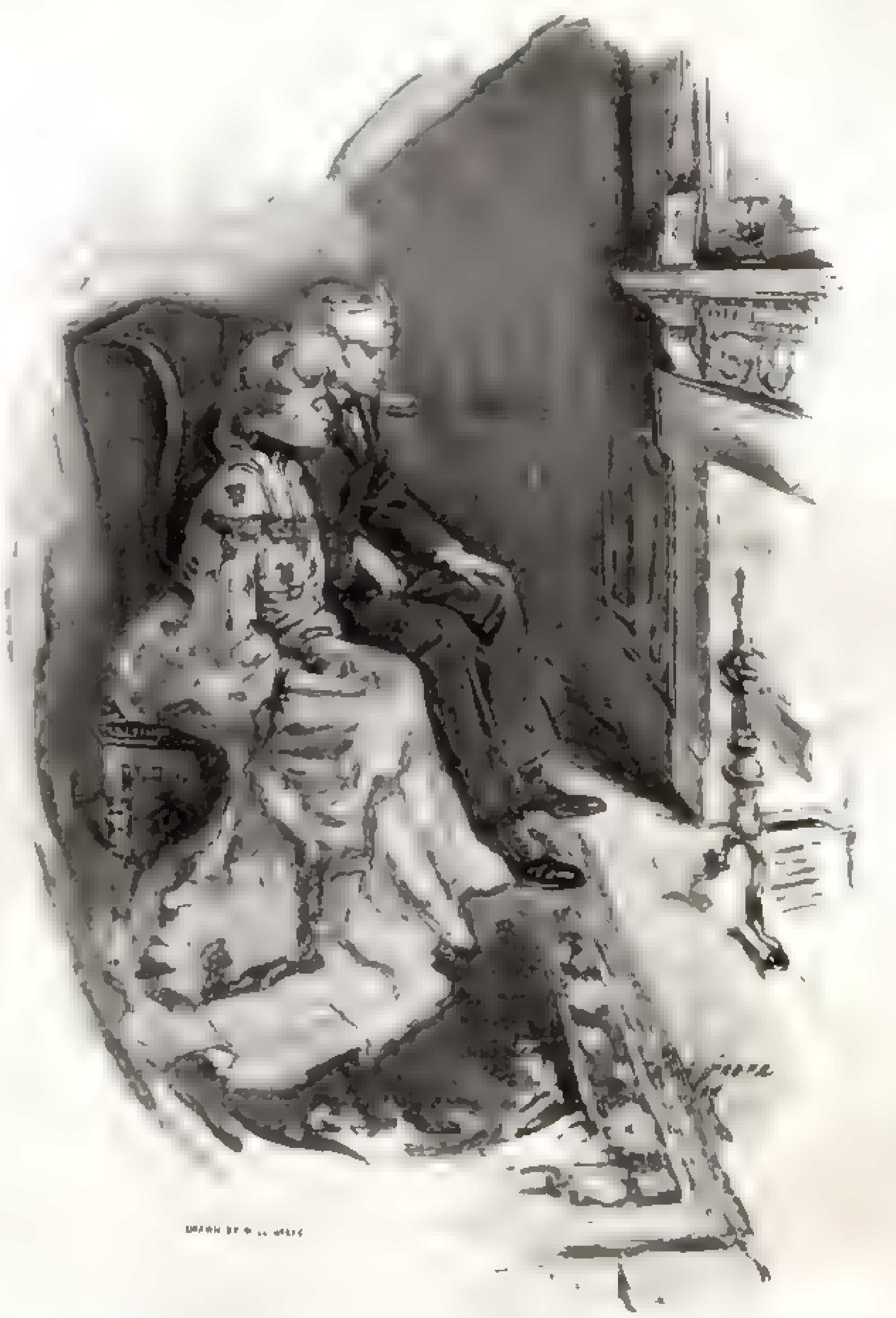
"Before God, loving you as I do, I wouldn't marry you for all the wealth in the world," she repeated with a little shiver. "Even in his delirium he said that. But I *know* now that he loves me, and I know that I adore him; and if this were a sensible world I'd walk right in there and explain things and ask him to marry me, and then it wouldn't matter in the least who had the money. But I can't, because it wouldn't be proper. Bother propriety! but bothering it doesn't do any good. As long as I have the money Billy will never come near me, because of the idiotic way I talked to him. And he's bent on my taking the money simply because it happens to belong to me. I consider that a very silly reason. I'll *make* Billy Woods take the money, and I'll make him see that I'm *not* a little pig, and that I trust him implicitly. And I think I'm quite justified in using a little—we'll call it diplomacy—because otherwise he'd go back to France or some other objectionable place, and we'd both be *very* unhappy."

Margaret began to laugh softly. "I've given him my word that I'll do nothing further in the matter till he gets well. And I won't. *But*——"

Miss Hugonin rose from the divan with a gesture of sweeping back her hair. And then—oh, treachery of tortoise-shell! oh, the villainy of those little gold hairpins!—the fat, twisted coils tumbled loose and slowly unraveled themselves, and her pink and white face, half-eclipsed, showed a delectable wedge between big, odorful, crinkly, ponderous masses of hair. It clung about her, a heavy cloak, all shimmering gold like the path of sunset over the June sea. And Margaret, looking at herself in the mirror, laughed, and appeared perfectly content with what she saw there.

"But," said she, "if the Fates are kind to me—and I sometimes think I *have* a pull with the gods—I'll make you happy, Billy Woods, in spite of yourself."

The mirror flashed back a smile. Margaret was strangely interested in the mirror.



THEN THE EDGES CAUGHT AND CRACKLED AND BLAZED, AND THEIR HEADS DREW NEAR TOGETHER AS THEY WATCHED IT BURN

"She has ringlets in her hair," sang Margaret happily—a low, half-hushed little song. She held up a strand of it to demonstrate this fact.

"There's a dimple in her chin"—and, indeed, there was. And a dimple in either cheek, too.

For a long time afterward she continued to smile at the mirror. I am afraid Kathleen Saumarez was right. She was a vain little cat, was Margaret.

But, barring a rearrangement of the cosmic scheme, I dare say maids will continue to delight in their own comeliness so long as mirrors speak truth. Let us, then, leave Miss Hugonin to this innocent diversion. The staidest of us are conscious of a brisk elation at sight of a pretty face; and surely no considerate person will deny its owner a portion of the pleasure that daily she accords the beggar at the street corner.

XXXIII

WE ARE credibly informed that Time travels in divers paces with divers persons—the statement being made by a lady who may be considered to speak with some authority, having triumphantly withstood the ravages of Chronos for a matter of three centuries. But I doubt if even the insolent sweet wit of Rosalind could have devised a fitting simile for Time's gait at Selwoode those five days that Billy lay abed. Margaret could not but marvel at the flourishing proportion attained by the hours in those sunlit spring days; and at dinner, say, her thoughts, harking back to luncheon, recalled it by a vigorous effort as an affair of the dim yesteryears—a mere blurred memory, faint and vague as a Druidical tenet or a Merovingian squabble.

But the time passed for all that; and eventually—it was just before dusk—she came, with Martin Jeal's permission, into the room where Billy was. And beside the big, open fireplace, where a wood fire chattered companionably, sat a very pallid Billy, a rather thin Billy, with a great many bandages about his head.

You may depend upon it, Margaret was not looking her worst that afternoon. By actual count, Céleatine had done her hair six times before reaching an acceptable result.

And, "Yes, Céleatine, you may get out that pale yellow dress. No, beautiful, the one with the black satin stripes on the bodice—because I don't want my hair cast completely in the shade, do I? Now, let me see—black feather, gloves, large pompadour *and* a sweet smile. No, I don't want a fan—that's a Lydia Languish trade-mark. And *two* silk skirts rustling like the deadest leaves imaginable. Yes, I think that will do. And if you can't hook up my dress without pecking and pecking at me like that I'll probably go stark, *staring* crazy, Célestine, and then you'll be sorry. No, it isn't a bit tight—are you perfectly certain there's no powder behind my ears, Célestine. Now, *please* try to fasten the collar without pulling all my hair down. Ye-es, I think that will do, Célestine. Well, it's very nice of you to say so, but I don't believe I much fancy myself in yellow, after all."

Equipped and armed for conquest, then, she came into the room with a very tolerable affectation of unconcern. Altogether, it was a quite effective entrance.

"I've been for a little drive, Billy," she mendaciously informed him. "That's how you happen to have the opportunity of seeing me in all my nice new store-clothes. Aren't you pleased, Billy? No, don't you dare get up!" Margaret stood across the room, peeling off her gloves and regarding him, on the whole, with disapproval. "They've been starving you," she pensively reflected. "As soon as that Jeal person goes away I shall have six little beefsteaks cooked and see to it personally that you eat every one of them. And I'll cook a cherry pie—quick as a cat can wink her eye—won't I, Billy? That Jeal person is a decided nuisance," said Miss Hugonin, as she stabbed her hat rather viciously with two hatpins and then laid it aside on a table.

Billy Woods was looking up at her forlornly. It hurt her to see the love and sorrow in his face. But oh, how avidly his soul drank in the modulations of that longed-for voice—a voice that was honey and gold and velvet and all that is most sweet and rich and soft in the world.

"Peggy," said he, plunging at the heart of things, "where's that will?"

Miss Hugonin kicked forward a little footstool to the other side of the fire, and sat down and complacently smoothed out her skirts.

"I knew it!" said she. "I never saw such a one-idea'd person in my life. I knew that would be the very first thing you would ask for, Billy Woods, because you're such an obstinate, stiff necked *donkey*. Very well!" and Margaret tossed her head; "here's Uncle Fred's will, then, and you can do *exactly* as you like with it, and *now*, I hope you're satisfied!" And Margaret handed him the long envelope which lay in her lap.

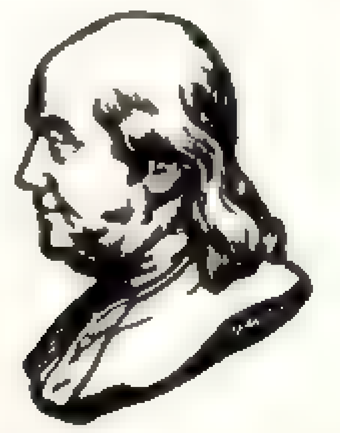
Mr. Woods promptly opened it.

"That," Miss Hugonin commented, "is what I term very unladylike behavior on your part. You evidently don't trust me, Billy Woods. Very well! I don't care! Read it carefully—very carefully, and make quite sure I haven't been dabbling in forgery of late—besides, it's so good for your eyes, you know, after being hit over the head," Margaret suggested cheerfully.

Billy chuckled. "That's true," said he, "but I know Uncle Fred's fist well enough without having to read it all.

(Continued on Page 23)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



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The Diminishing Mud Puddle

THE Presidential contest of 1904 is notable as a campaign of personality without personalities. In the absence of any very sharp line of demarcation between the principles of the two parties, the controversy turns upon the individual characteristics of the candidates. The contrast is sharply drawn between the strenuous and the judicial temperaments. And yet the discussion of personal qualities has not degenerated into personal abuse. Little has been said by the responsible friends of one candidate that would make it uncomfortable for them to meet the other candidate at dinner.

The time was, within the recollection of voters who are not yet so very old, when the idea of a Presidential campaign without mud-throwing was simply inconceivable. It was taken as part of the order of nature that an American statesman who was regarded by half his fellow-citizens as the best man to represent the Republic in its highest office should be treated by the other half as a degraded outcast. After election it was customary to have a general washing-up, a cheerful acceptance of the situation by the beaten party, and an admission that the country would be safe under a President who had been branded for four months as a criminal.

The last of the old-fashioned campaigns was fought out just twenty years ago, when all the gutters of social and financial scandal were raked for material to plaster on Cleveland and Blaine. In 1880 one of the weightiest charges against General Garfield was that he had dishonestly amassed the sum of $329. In 1872 few Democrats would have admitted that Grant's pockets were not full of stolen money, while their own amiable candidate figured in Nast's cartoons as "Horrors Greedy."

We have had a long and honorable list of Presidents, but hardly any of them between Washington and Benjamin Harrison ever reached the White House without having to give his character a moral bath after his election. From 1888 onward our campaigns have been conducted with increasing decency. The voters would resent the old methods now. The change is abolishing one of the unloveliest features of American politics.

The Riddle of Labor

TAKE up a newspaper in any country in the world to-day, and among the big items you will find news of strikes—strikes for wages, strikes for recognition of unions, strikes for hours. In detail, in the individual instance, these strikes have one aspect—sometimes they indicate folly on the part of the workers, again folly on the part of employers. But take them in the large; look at them as a world phenomenon—surging against and bulging the iron tyranny of Russia distracting distracted Italy, puzzling England's ruling upper classes, agitating the politicians of America. You see that you are looking out upon an industrial ocean in a state of intense unrest. All public questions in history have been at bottom economic, though only recently has that fact lost its disguises. Now, the world is face to face with masses ever less satisfied with the conditions they live in.

Interesting, but not alarming. The same causes that produced this storm—education and democracy—will guide it The social fabric that has been ravaged through the centuries by the selfishness and vaingloriousness of the tyrannical few, and has survived and strengthened, is safe from any assault

A Boy or a Girl?

WHEN the Czar's little girls were born each was welcomed with a salute of a hundred guns, and the natives felt like putting on mourning. When the boy was born the salute was three hundred guns and the nation "went wild" with joy. Here, of course, was an amusing survival of the ancient days when the tenant of the throne got his seat by winning it and held it by deserving it. But isn't there, even in some very sensible families and among some very enlightened people, a sneaking survival of the notion that a boy baby is worth three hundred guns and a girl a grudging, for-politeness-sake, hundred?

Yet, so far as the solid benefit to the parents is concerned, a boy isn't to be compared with a girl. The boy is turbulent and mischievous, a trial and an anxiety, and finally marries and belongs to his wife's family. But the girl—she helps to make the home during her unmarried life, and when she marries her home is an extension of the one she left.

A boy can make his parents proud. A girl can make them both proud and comfortable

Exactly What We Mean

JOSEPH CONRAD, the novelist, was born a Pole, and through a wandering youth was at twenty equally facile in three languages—Polish, French and English. He hesitated which to settle upon as his definite and final medium for the novels which he wished to write. He chose English—for the reason that is spreading English so rapidly into every nation of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America

Yet we who are born with this wonderful matchless medium of thinking and talking spend, and compel our children to spend, most of the time formally set apart for education in fussing with other languages, living and dead. And nowhere, at no school, academy, college or university in America or England or Scotland, or other English speaking country, is our language taught as the French teach their language to their children. Words, grammatical constructions, sentences, paragraphs, longer attempts at expression—all these are distinct personalities. To study them, to come to know them, is to learn not only accurately and forcibly to express thought but accurately and forcibly to think.

How many of us know exactly what the words we use mean? How many have ever thought about the matter sufficiently to know that they do not know?

To know many languages is really to have none. Really to have one language is to have the essence of all—their thought.

"First in Peace"

GEORGE WASHINGTON, at all times often in the mind of every American citizen, is never long out of it during a Presidential campaign—or any other critical period, whether of ~~peace or of war.~~ The reason is that his was the good fortune to have the opportunity to make the pattern for the American citizen and the good fortune to be able to improve that opportunity.

As a soldier of the democracy reluctantly taking up arms and eagerly laying them down, never by word or action showing that he regarded war as other than a stern and sorrowful necessity of defense—on the contrary, by word and action again and again showing that he would as soon have thought of seeking medals in the prize-ring or the bully's reputation among barroom loungers as of seeking "military glory"—there was the citizen-soldier.

As President, respecting the Constitution scrupulously, obeying the law, setting the public administration of his country in motion as an administration and not as a government—there was the citizen-official.

As ex-President—of his three services to his country was not this third the greatest?—he forever solved a question that has sometimes since been raised by the unthinking. He retired to the most private of private lives, showing thereby that to be a sovereign citizen, free to mind one's own business, contains the very acme of the blessings which democratic-republican institutions confer upon man.

The Sultan and the Pope

THE Sultan is profoundly interested in the strained relations between France and the Vatican. He hopes that the Pope will take away from France the protectorate over Catholics in Turkey and will either distribute it among the Powers, letting each Power protect its own subjects of the Catholic faith in Turkey, or, better still, will establish direct diplomatic relations—an embassy of the Sublime Porte at the Vatican, an embassy of the Pope at Constantinople. As the Pope is without army or navy, and is surrounded by Italian diplomats of the old school who are as fond of unwinding interminable diplomatic correspondences as is the old brown wolf of the Bosphorus, the reason for this longing for direct diplomatic relations is obvious.

Thanks to the quarrels and jealousies among the Powers, the Sultan's soldiers have been able to pursue their favorite pastime of pot-hunting "infidel dogs" without much fear of interruption or punishment. If now Pope and Sultan were in direct touch, and the Pope were undertaking the protection of Turkish Catholics, not only would the "pot-hunting" go forward more vigorously, but also the Sultan could enlarge the activity of his chief passion—dictating diplomatic notes and receiving harmless "ultimatums."

In the Good Old Times

THERE is much reading of memoirs nowadays and of books which, like memoirs, draw us into the very atmosphere of past times—an atmosphere which we almost never breathe in history or fiction or poetry. And this ought to result in better conceptions of what the world used to be, in a better appreciation of our good luck in not having been born earlier.

How miserable they used to be! What wretched health they had in their ignorance of what to do to keep well, what to do to get well. What squalor just under the splendor To read of Louis XIV in history and then to read of him in memoirs is like watching the circus parade and then following it to the rear tents, where men and beasts are commingled in an anything but fascinating mêlée of the vulgar and the commonplace. Above all, how deplorable the condition of most of the inhabitants of the most advanced country before the middle of the nineteenth century.

Tolstoi, writing from the midst of just such conditions—for Russia is still mediæval—denounces all civilization as a brutish failure. He should travel; and those who echo his eloquent lamentations should read memoirs, then look about them and compare.

A Safe Pilot

LIKE all calm, clear thinkers, the late Waldeck-Rousseau had the matchless power of clear, calm statement. It was said of him as a lawyer that when he had ended his plea the jury always felt as if they had just heard the charge of the judge. In politics he was a democrat-republican of the Washington-Jefferson, or "hands-off," school—"hands-off" in that sense including government as well as private interferences with individual liberty.

When it was proposed to vote a large sum for the relief of widespread distress he opposed it because such grants "amount to saying that the public money should be given to any one whatsoever who is in need."

During an aggravated strike he braved the threats of allied leaders of a large part of his support by saying: "The right of a single man to work if he wishes is no less than the right of a thousand to refrain from work if they wish."

A good biography of Waldeck-Rousseau might help some of our own statesmen to the success they covet; for he was preëminently a politician who steered by the sober second thought.

The School of Failure

SOME one has said: "If we study any one act in our lives we find that it contains our whole scheme of life in miniature." And there is a great deal of truth in it—of valuable truth for that very vital work, self-criticism.

It is confusing to look back over a week, a month, a year of one's life. The impression that "luck," "destiny," "chance" was a large factor in results is produced—we always attribute to some vague mystery that which we do not clearly understand. But to study a single act is easy.

The world has no time for post-mortems on failure; but the individual has, must have, and must use it. The art of success is learned, if at all, in the school of failure.

The Industrious Loafers

THE really busy man is often the man who appears to have nothing to do. Sometimes the alleged busy man is simply a fussy man. J. P. Morgan is said to be slow to move and slow to speak. Admiral Togo, it is said, appears to have more leisure than any man on his fleet. Mr. Rockefeller is very deliberate in speech and action. A tendency to talk much, far from proving a man importantly busy, tends to stamp him an amateur in large affairs. Some of us have heard the story of the fellow just out of jail bragging of his busy days. "What do you mean?" said a bystander who knew his record. "You've just left solitary at Concord Prison. How could you be busy there?" "Well," was the reply, "I had a thirteen puzzle and prickly heat." One man's work is another's leisure, and the busiest man may seem to be a loafer

South Africa After the War

BY W. T. STEAD

Olive Schreiner and Rudyard Kipling

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN Mr. Rhodes lived there were two South Africans of genius audible and visible throughout the world. To-day there is only one, and that one is Olive Schreiner. There has been, however, one man of genius temporarily resident in South Africa who is not a South African but an Anglo-Indian. Rudyard Kipling, however, may be accepted as the nearest approach to a South African man of letters that can be found in the Dark Continent at the present moment. Olive Schreiner and Rudyard Kipling are characteristic types, extreme types, it may be admitted, but not the less faithful types of the two parties that divide South Africa at this moment. Both in their sex and in their politics they are true representatives of their respective parties. Both are vivid, intense personalities. Each gives forcible expression to the inarticulate emotion of the masses which here, as everywhere, are dumb. And in them we can study the trend and policy of the contending forces the net sum of whose interplay will decide the destiny of South Africa.

Olive Schreiner, who wrote The Story of a South African Farm when a girl in her teens, is now a matron of nearly forty. Born in South Africa of a German father and an English mother, she has married an English farmer from the Eastern province who is one of the stalwart supporters of the Dutch party in the House of Assembly. To him, with the appropriateness of the fitness of things, she has given her name in marriage. Instead of sinking her name in his, so that the world would forget Olive Schreiner in Mrs. Cronwright, she annexed his name to hers, and he became Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner. It is difficult to remember the hyphen, and he is often spoken of as Mr. Schreiner without the prefix. He is a man of sturdy individuality, a capable speaker, a keen politician, who is tolerably certain to hold office in the next Cape Ministry.

The Schreiner family form the most remarkable group in a land where nearly every one is first cousin to every one else. The father was a German Lutheran pastor; the mother, a woman of rare character and refinement, was the daughter of an English Congregational minister. Their children represent almost every phase of South African politics. The most notable, after Olive, is the Right Honorable W. P. Schreiner, Prime Minister of the Cape Colony at the outbreak of the war. He is a man of great capacity, a former colleague and close friend of Cecil Rhodes, Imperialist in his leanings, but connected both by sympathy and by marriage with the Dutch party. After him comes Mrs. Hattie Lewis, who has devoted herself to temperance and evangelistic work among the colored people. She is a Jingo of the Jingoes, who defends the most sanguinary of policies on the most humanitarian principles. Mr. Theophilus Schreiner, who is a member of the House of Assembly, is a strong Imperialist and whole-hearted supporter of the war. There was another brother who was the head of a large institution at Eastbourne, in England, but he died during the war. The mother of this remarkable family ended her days in a Catholic convent. If all the other white people in South Africa died the Schreiner family could from its own ranks reproduce representatives of all the existing political parties.

The other Schreiners have only a South African fame. Olive Schreiner's name is known throughout the world. Her Story of a South African Farm made her famous in the early eighties. Since then she has published Dreams: Dream Life and Real Life, An English South African's View of the Situation; and Peter Halkett, Trooper, which was little more than a political pamphlet, thinly veneered with romance, directed against the administration of Rhodesia. It gave vent to her feelings, but it added nothing to her repute as a novelist. But the best work she has done in literature is an admirable series of sketches of South Africa and its people which she contributed to the Fortnightly Review, and which have, unfortunately, not yet been reprinted. These sketches are the most vivid descriptions of South Africa ever penned. They make the country and its inhabitants stand out in bold relief and in brilliant color before our eyes. Whenever they are completed and published they will be the classic description of South Africa: the book by which those who have never visited South Africa will know more of the country than many of those who have lived there all their lives.

It was, therefore, with great delight I discovered, when writing my name on the book of the Grand Hotel, Cape Town, that but an hour before Olive Schreiner and her husband had taken up their quarters in the same hotel. I had not gone to my room, but was telephoning to Doctor Jameson at the clerk's desk, when Olive Schreiner came downstairs, and we met again after a lapse of five or six years. She did not appear to have changed in the least. She was still the *petite* but substantial figure of a woman with quick, piercing eye lighting up with ready smile a face tanned by African suns. Alert, humorous, vehement, impulsive, full of passion and of sympathy, she was just as she had always been, only perhaps a little, only a little, more matronly and a trifle more savage—for Olive Schreiner has been through the war. For more than a year on end she was a prisoner in her own house under martial law in the northern district where the brunt of the struggle fell; and the iron has entered into her soul. Martial law at the best is no holiday experience. But martial law in Hanover was enforced by the rifles of armed savages, controlled by military men who knew as little of law as of justice. Nothing but her distinction as a writer saved her from being cast into prison or exiled beyond the seas. Her letters were opened. She could receive no visitors. The menacing tube of the black man's rifle forbade her taking exercise. Now and again she and her husband would be summoned to attend the sessions of court martial, against which they rebelled in a fashion that would have cost undistinguished folk summary punishment at the hands of the provost marshal. But, as the officers naively explained, they were forbidden to proceed to extremities with any one who was known in England. Hence she escaped with her life. The memory of that evil time is, however, indelibly branded upon her heart. Olive Schreiner was never an Imperialist, but to-day she is a Little Englander of the most irreconcilable type. With her the war has done its work. She writes nothing, she says nothing. She sits silently apart. For she is one

> Who hears, amidst the spirit's hush,
> The swooping pinions' dreadful rush
> That brings the vengeance and the doom.

And when the true history of this war comes to be written the historian will have to admit that of all the innumerable utterances which preceded it, one alone adequately and accurately foretold the course of events. That was the prophetic warning which Olive Schreiner addressed to the British nation on the eve of hostilities. More clearly than any other writer or speaker she presaged the course of events and displayed before the eyes of an incredulous public a true picture of things to come.

MRS. OLIVE CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER

Olive Schreiner may fairly claim to have been the Cassandra of the British Empire in South Africa. No other person, male or female, ventured to predict with such insight and with such fervor of passion the inevitable result of the war. Take this passage in illustration:

> . . . A hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand imported soldiers might walk over South Africa (in reality we had to put 450,000 men in the field); it would not be an easy walk, but it could be done. Then, from east and west and north and south would come men of pure English blood to stand beside the boys they had played with at school and the friends they had loved; and a great despairing cry would rise from the heart of Africa. But we are still few. When the war was over the imported soldiers might leave the land—not all. Some must be left to keep the remaining people down. There would be quiet in the land. South Africa would rise up silently and count her dead and bury them. She would know the place where she found them. South Africa would be peaceful. There would be silence, the silence of a long exhaustion—but not peace! Have the dead no voices? In a thousand farmhouses black-robed women would hold memory of the count, and outside, under African stones, would lie the African men to whom South African women gave birth under our blue sky. There would be silence, but no peace.

Olive Schreiner wrote that in 1899, before a shot was fired. In 1904, when the last shot has been fired, she sees the fulfillment of her prophecies. For the South African nationality has come to birth, and at its cradle sits the motherhood of the people crooning the sad tale of ancient wrong and the glad song of future victory.

Olive Schreiner stands for the ideal. Her genius is that of the sibyl who foresees. To her "Cannon Parliaments" are as naught. The pomp and show of arrogant power are to her but as the smoke wreaths which temporarily obscure the field of battle. Soon a wind arises and they vanish away and are seen no more forever. She represents the conscience, the heart, the soul of the Afrikander nation. To her freedom and justice, those sublime abstractions, are no mere idle dream of poets: they are amongst the things unseen which are eternal. She has the eye of an artist, the soul of a poet and the heart of a woman; and although she has not the simple faith of her parents, not less than they does she hold with firm grasp to their belief in the divine justice that is immanent in mortal things. In that faith she confronts the future, calmly confident in the ultimate triumph of the right. The South African nationality, fire-tested and blood-drenched, is still toiling painfully through the wilderness, but it will yet reach the Promised Land. And when the annals of South Africa come to be written Olive Schreiner will figure therein as the Miriam of the new nation and the Cassandra of the old order.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of six papers by Mr. Stead on present conditions in South Africa.

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Rudyard Kipling is in almost every respect the exact antithesis of Olive Schreiner. They are opposed in essence and in manifestation. They resemble each other only in the possession of genius, and in a supreme capacity for vivid word painting. In everything else they differ. To Olive Schreiner South Africa is her home. Here she was born, here she lives and here she will die. To Rudyard Kipling it is but a place of temporary sojourn when the African climate is at its best.

Rudyard Kipling reached the highest point of his genius in his Jungle Book. In describing the huge carnivora of the forest primeval he is in his element. Only now and then, as in his Recessional, may be heard a different note, as if some angel had seated himself in the rabble rout of Comus and stilled for a moment the ribald crew by silvern echoes from a higher sphere.

It is well that during the war Rudyard Kipling should have been in South Africa in order that he might see the full development of his barrack-room imperialism carried to its logical conclusion. From first to last he used his gift of expression and his command of the public ear to inflame popular passion, to decry the spirit of nationality, and generally to depict imperialism in its most odious light, and, as if in punishment for his sins, Apollo withdrew from him the gift of melodious verse.

The war, although it supplied endless themes for a latter day Tyrtæus, does not appear to have roused Mr. Kipling's muse to any noteworthy achievement. His sonnet on the death of General Joubert and the poem on the burial of Cecil Rhodes are the least banal of his latest work. The opening lines of the sonnet are just and true.

> With those that bred, with those who loosed the strife
> He had no part, whose hands were clear of gain
> But able, strong and stubborn, gave his life
> To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain

Most of his South African work is mere rhymed pamphleteering. Rudyard Kipling began as a journalist, and the relapse to journalism in his verse is most marked. Some of his most successful verse is little better than a barrack-room jingle. In all he sounds ever the hard, material note, broken occasionally—alas! much too occasionally—by the voice of duty and of awe, as in The White Man's Burden and the Recessional. Even in the last famous psalm, with its penitential refrain "Lest we forget, Lest we forget," he cannot altogether repress the "arrogant old plantation strain," the sneer at "the lesser breeds without the Law."

In South Africa Rudyard Kipling is an exotic, unlike Olive Schreiner, who lives in the land where she was born. Rudyard Kipling represents the Anglo-Indian element temporarily domiciled in what he ventures somewhat hardily to describe as "Our South Africa." There are a few touches in his poems that justify the use of the possessive. One of the few occurs in his Bridge-guard in the Karroo

> Sudden the desert changes,
>   The raw glare softens and clings,
> Till the aching Oudshoorn ranges
>   Stand up like the thrones of kings.
> Ramparts of slaughter and peril,
>   Blazing, amazing—aglow,
> Twist the skyline's belting beryl
>   And the wine-dark flats below

In his closing poem, The Settler, he sounds a note of reconciliation and of peace. But the Boer quotes

> Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong

Olive Schreiner's response to Rudyard Kipling's tootling overtures of oblivion is fierce and emphatic. To her there seems something as maudlin as it is impertinent in his appeal

> And when we bring old fights to mind
>   We will not remember the sin
> If there be blood on his head of my kind
>   Or blood on my head of his kin.

The whole poem implies that between Briton and Boer there was in the late war equality of responsibility and equality of suffering. That is an assumption which no Boer will ever admit. He believes that the war was forced upon him deliberately of design, with the intent to destroy his independence. His country has been first devastated and then annexed.

And while these wrongs remain unredressed it is hardly seemly in his eyes for the impenitent wrongdoer to cry "let bygones be bygones: forgive and forget." Individuals may be forgiven, but no forgiveness is due to political parties

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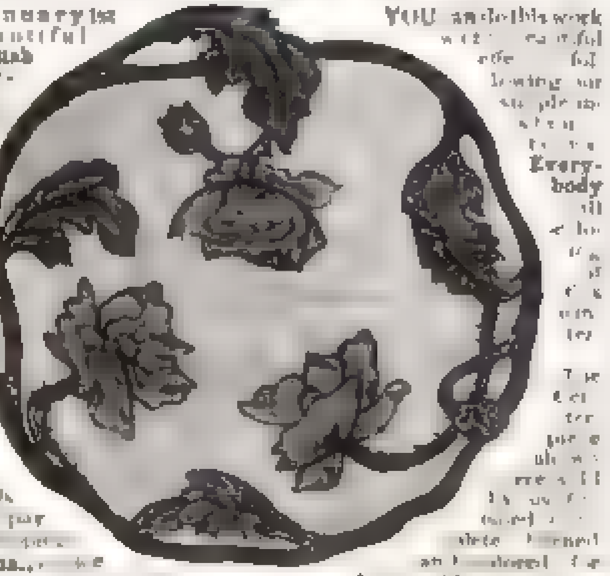

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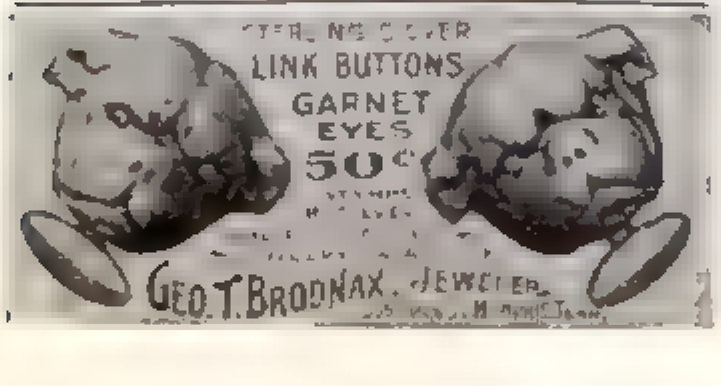

Why a Young Man Should Vote the Republican Ticket

(Concluded from Page 3)

And all this he did as a young man. Very well! Doesn't that record encourage *you,* young man?

It is said that President Roosevelt is not highly regardful of the Constitution; that he indulges in a personal government; that he is a "usurper," "dictator" and what not.

Of course, we all understand that this charge is merely a piece of campaign tactics. We saw a moment ago that it is as old as American political campaigns. Nobody believes that Theodore Roosevelt, whose being is saturated with Americanism, is false to American principles, that Theodore Roosevelt, who risked his life on his country's battle-fields, is false to his country's institutions; that Theodore Roosevelt, who has been all of his life in closer touch with all classes of the American people and who keeps in closer touch with them now than any American President we ever had, with two exceptions only, will misrepresent the wishes and stifle the sentiments of those people.

The attack that is now made on President Roosevelt was also made upon all of our greatest Presidents.

When Washington sent troops to suppress the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania he was denounced as "a violator of the Constitution"—yes, and on many other occasions, too.

When John Marshall wrote his great opinions declaring that the American people are a Nation instead of a loose federation of States, the attacks upon him as a judicial destroyer of the Constitution were so fierce that they stopped short only of personal violence.

When Andrew Jackson announced his great toast at that historic banquet, "The Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved," Calhoun declared in effect that "Old Hickory" had torn the Constitution into shreds. "Tyrant," "usurper," "personal government," "enemy of the Republic," "assassin of the Constitution"; all these were heard in Jackson's day.

When Grant sent Federal troops to preserve order at the time of the great Chicago fire the virulence of the attacks upon him as a "violator of the Constitution," as "the man on horseback," etc., were dreadful in their ferocity.

Only a few years ago, when President Cleveland again sent Federal troops to Chicago in the Debs strike, Governor Altgeld and those who believed with him, among whom were William J. Bryan, declared in effect that Cleveland had trampled the Constitution in the dirt and established the beginnings of a monarchy.

Lastly, there was not a single year after the first year of President McKinley's administration when he was not called a "destroyer of the Republic," "imperialist," a "perverter of the Constitution," and what not, and so forth, and so on.

Yet the Republic still lives. The ideas of all these men prevailed, and the Republic still lives. Yes, the Republic lives and will always live, drawing its life from young American men and women who each generation prove themselves worthy of their fathers and mothers by making the Nation stronger and better than they found it. Let the opposition resist American advance and prophesy disaster if it will—that is its proper function; but, after all, even the pessimists secretly believe that the American people will never perish from the earth and that, as long as the American people endure, liberty is secure. For liberty's home is in the people's hearts.

Yes, in the hearts of the people is the Republic established, and not in written words. It is all a question of faith in the American people—not a question of verbal logic about the Constitution's meaning, not a question of the effect of this or that policy. Faith in the American people then, young man! Beneath their sacred banner liberty and civilization and righteousness have always trooped, and beneath that flag they march to-day. Faith in the American people, young man! The "evil days" of doubt are not yet yours. Faith in the American people, young man! and membership in that party of which that faith is the very soul and life. Faith in the American people, young man! Let that be your political religion!

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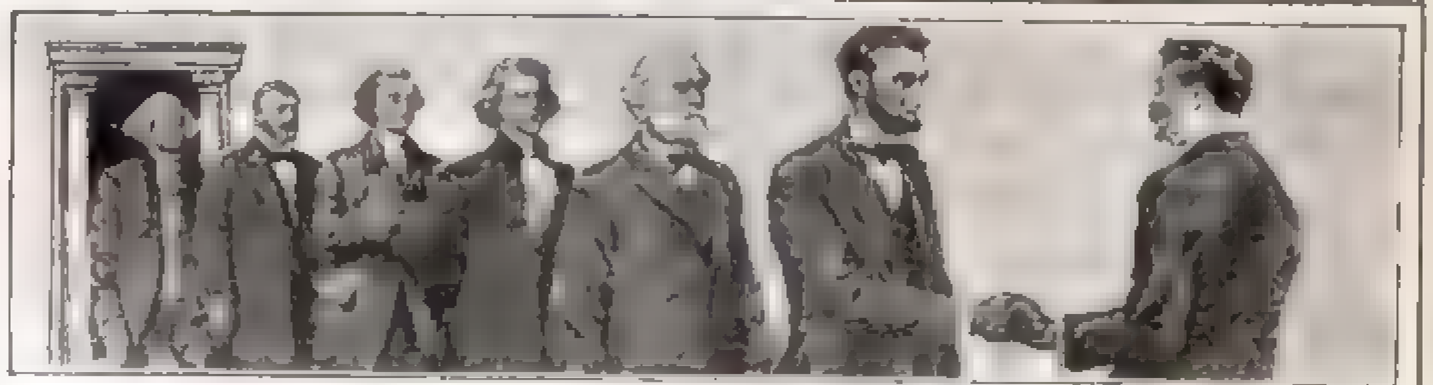

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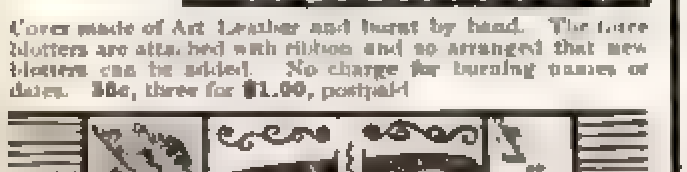

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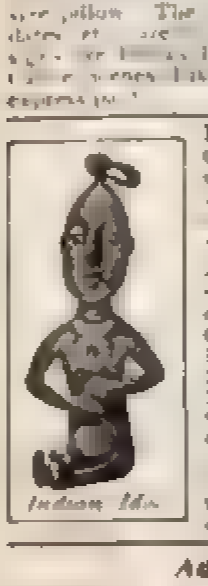

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The Reasoning of Little Rhody

An Animal Story Without Frills

By Charles Battell Loomis

JOHN BURROUGHS don't know what he's talking about when he says that Thompson Seton draws the long bow and that Long draws ——"

"The Thompson Seton bow," supplied one of the boarders, a bright young woman from New York.

"Exactly," said the first speaker, Honest John Barton. He was a Connecticut farmer, the owner of a seventy-acre farm, and in the summer-time he and his wife took a limited number of boarders. If this were a dialect story instead of an animal story it would be necessary so to distort John Barton's manner of speech as to make it conform to the preconceived ideas of magazine readers in regard to dialect; but although it would have been easy to discover that Mr. Barton was a New Englander rather than an old Englander or even a New Yorker, his dialect was not marked enough to make it worth while to spell it out with great use of apostrophes.

The New York young woman continued: "You think, then, that they don't draw on their imaginations in depicting the habits of animals?"

John Barton "hiked" his armchair an inch or two forward on the veranda and leaned back against the wall. "Why, they may dress up their stories with touches of imagination. I suppose a story to get into print must have a certain amount of literature in it, and literature and imagination are pretty well mixed up; but when it comes down to the habits of animals, why, I could tell stories of things showing thought in animals — things that I've observed myself and that would look well in print, although they might rile John Burroughs, who is a little inclined to doubt a thing if he did not see it himself. Of course, when a man writes about the thoughts that occur to animals when they are on the track of some foe, and he is in his study, why, *my* thoughts of their thoughts are as good as his thoughts; but when I tell you that I once saw a huge rat drawing a train of six smaller rats, the coupling being tails in mouths and the freight being an egg between each four extended legs, the animals all being on their backs excepting the motive power, I'm only giving you a somewhat unusual example of the sagacity of rats.

"Probably John Burroughs would say that there were never more than two rats in such a procession, and I don't deny that Long would add a touch of improbability to the true picture by setting it down as a fact that the eggs were shipped by still another rat, who made out a bill of lading for them, and that on their delivery a receipt was given for them by the rat to whom they were delivered. That's the literary touch, and it is easy to disassociate it from the fundamental facts. To me the interesting fact about the matter is that a rat should be able to do enough mental arithmetic to enable him to figure out that six rats could transport half a dozen eggs in one-sixth of the time it would take one rat to do it, and as he might be discovered at any moment by the early descending cook it was well to enlist every rat in the house and get away with the goods. John Burroughs would say that rats don't think, but I ask you how else could a rat devise such a plan? Instinct would not have suggested it. So, too, in the case of Little Rhody."

"Honest John" lighted his pipe, which the length of his delivery had caused to go out, and, after it was drawing well, he fell into a reverie, and his boarders were afraid that he would not say anything more about "Little Rhody."

But the young woman from New York said, "That sounds interesting, Mr. Barton. Who was Little Rhody, and what did she do? Or was it a he?"

"Little Rhody was a bantam with enough Rhode Island Red blood in her to suggest the name to my wife, and she was the most intellectual hen I ever saw and a very close reasoner," answered Mr. Barton. "I say *was*; I suppose she still is. She's the little hen you see in the barnyard every day with the brood of bouncing Light Brahmas bigger than herself. I am quite sure that she attributes their size to her loving care in the selection of foods. In fact, ever since she saved so many lives she has been suffering a little from the big head.

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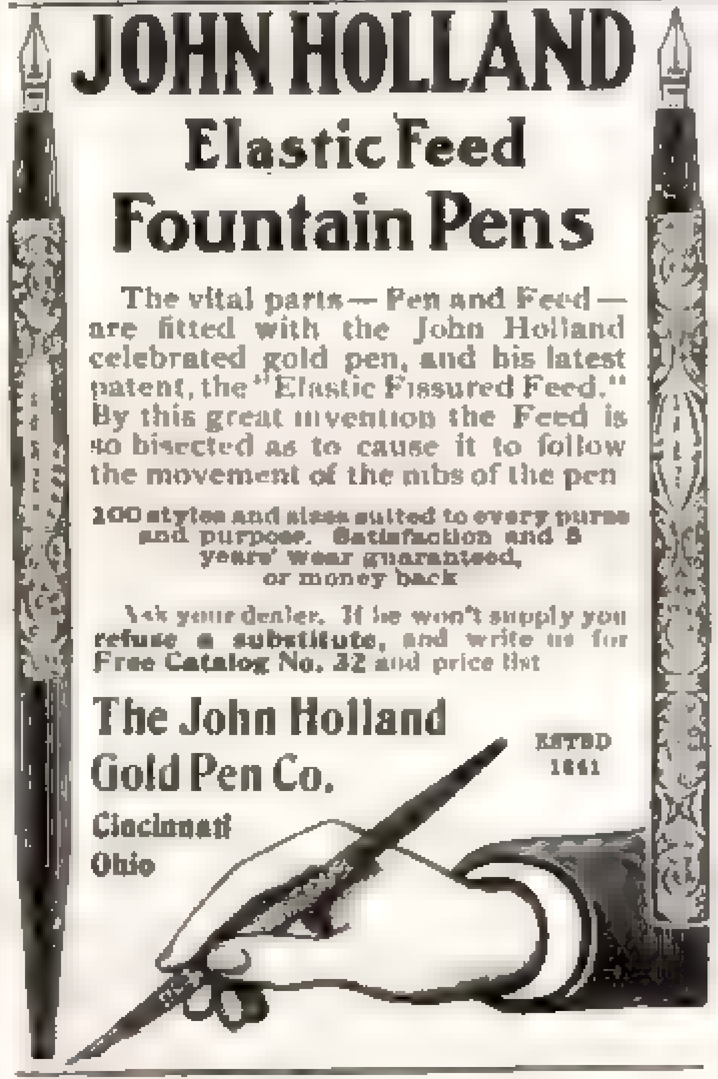

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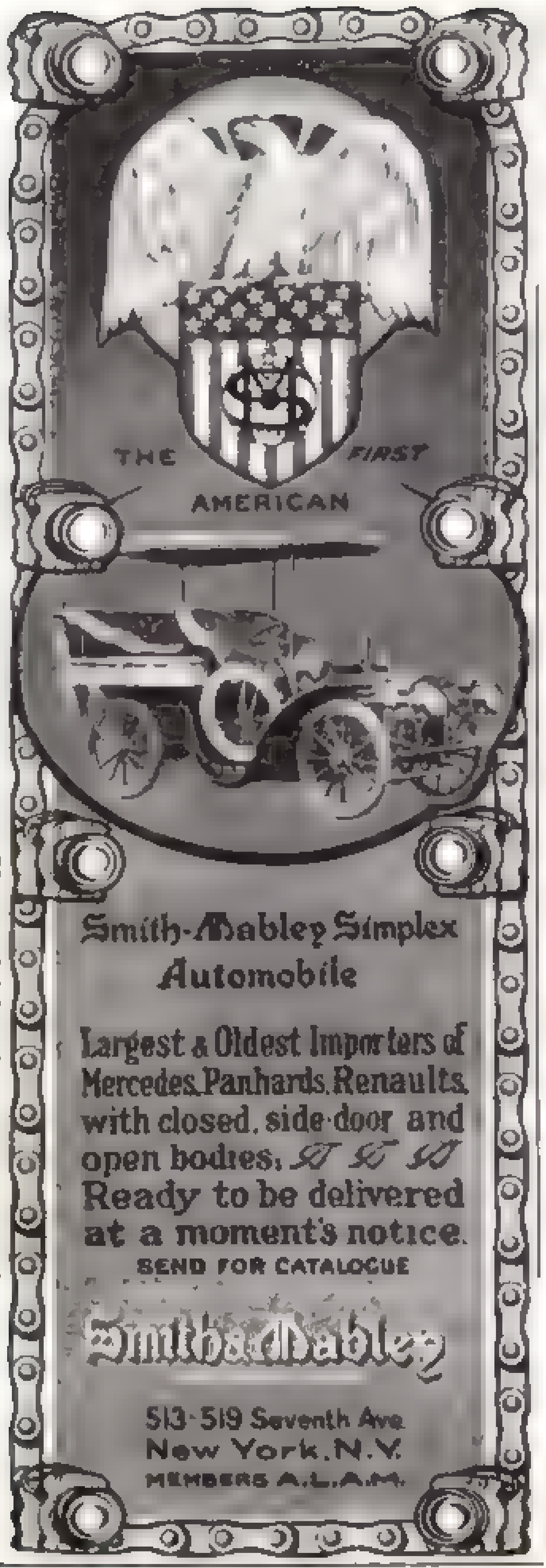
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"As you know, the railroad runs by just below the barn — they cut into our land in spite of my father's opposition and ruined the value of the farm; but that's neither here nor there. Little Rhody found out very soon in life that for some reason or other there was extra good picking down by the track, and she used to go there every day and seemed to love to watch the trains go by. In fact, after a time she learned to know their whistles and would pike off from any place she might happen to be in order to see them pass. One engineer, old Bill Newton, noticed her — he was on engine No. 34 — and he used to chuck her a handful of whole corn whenever he went by, and she could tell his whistle as far up as Granton crossing. It's because she knew that whistle and could put two and two together that a lot of people are walking this earth to-day instead of taking their eternal sleep."

"Remember John Burroughs," said the lady from New York warningly

"I won't forget John Burroughs, and I'm going to tell this story without any frills, because the nearer to a plain statement I come the greater will be the marvel of it, as it absolutely proves that even a hen can reason from cause to effect

"As you probably know, the cut below the house is called the Narrows, for obvious reasons, and as it is a single-track road overhung by heavy masses of rock, and the place is approached on a curve, it is considered one of the most dangerous parts of the road

"One day last fall I was at work plowing in the field just beyond the cut, and I noticed that Little Rhody was picking up grasshoppers alongside the track and laying up material for her four little eggs a week. I remember I sung out to her, 'Pretty good picking, Rhody,' and she seemed to understand me and flew after a big grasshopper, landing herself right between the rails Then she gave a squawk and started down the track to the cut. I thought she was getting under shelter from a hawk, but as it turned out her thoughts were not on herself or her own danger at all, but on her good friend the engineer, who was due to come along in a minute or two

"She had hardly disappeared in the cut when I heard No. 34 whistling up at Denby's Corners and the next instant Little Rhody came into view, spread her wings and never touched them to her side until she was in the field and headed for me. Then, running and flying, she came up to me, and I could see she was all worked up over something. It was a warmish day in late September, and I had around my neck a red bandanna that old Uncle Dick Harbin used to wear when Thurman was running for Vice-President Little Rhody made two or three jumps at that handkerchief, and after a time my slow intellect made out that she wanted it. Just to see what she *would* do, I pulled it off my neck, and she picked it up in her beak and flew back to the track with it trailing behind her, good and red

"It may seem stupid of me, but even then I didn't realize what she was up to. Of course, if I'd been reading of it in a story I suppose I should have guessed, because the fact of a story presupposes something unusual. But *she* knew what she was after, and as soon as she was on the track she began to fly toward the train, and the wind caught the red bandanna and made a proper flag of it

"Up the track came No. 34 at good speed, and Bill Newton, the engineer, reached over to pick up his daily handful of corn for Little Rhody, when just then he saw the danger signal. Red meant red to him no matter what was waving the flag, and he slowed up so quick that a good many passengers were pitched out of their seats and were as mad as hops until they were as grateful as dogs.

"I left my plow and ran as hard as I could to the track. Bill and the conductor and the crew and most of the passengers were out, and there on the track just around the Narrows lay a rock big enough to have sent the entire train off the track.'

"Do you mean to say that ——" began the lady from Hartford

"I mean to tell you what I saw. I mean to say that these animal writers have well-developed powers of observation, and I mean to say that if John Burroughs had seen what I saw *he* would have set it down without hesitation, because he is devoted to the exposition of truth. Now if the bird had picked that handkerchief up on the track and had flown with it you might impute it to an antic disposition; but when you reflect that first she saw the stone on the track and then remembered that I was near at hand and wore a red handkerchief, and that she heard the whistle and realized that the man who brought her corn was coming and that her daily supply would

Advertising Writing as a Money-Making Business

Incomes From $100 to $500 a Month Through Mail Instruction

By GEORGE H. POWELL

The unbounded interest that is today being manifested in the science and practice of modern advertising is due to a revolution in merchandising methods.

This wonderful revolution began only a few short years ago, and it has accomplished so much lasting good that manufacturers and merchants in large and small places alike are now fully awake as to future possibilities and are therefore seeking in every way to profit by more and better advertising

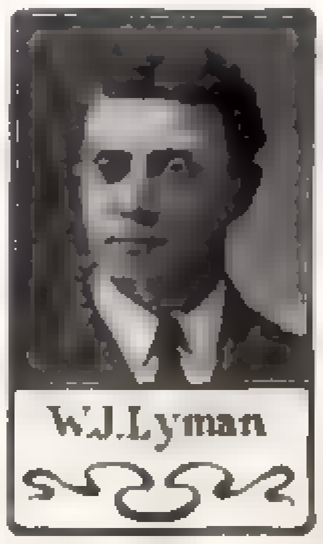
Louis M.H. Potter

SATURDAY EVENING POST readers have for the most part noted the vast increase in the advertising carried in the magazines and local papers, but probably comparatively few have given much thought to that phase which means the employment of an army of young men and women as writers of advertising at good salaries

And as long as America continues to expand commercially — as long as new capital finds investment in new enterprises — just so long will the demand for trained ad. writers increase.

Notwithstanding the fact that scores of ad writers have been trained to fill high salaried positions, yet the demand for GOOD ad. men and women cannot be met — a condition that must of necessity exist for years to come.

Several years ago when I established the Powell System of Instruction I did so at the suggestion of noted advertising men who saw the need of really expert teaching, and it is my purpose to touch upon the results achieved by former students, and briefly point out why I have been so successful



W.J. Lyman

This may mean everything to those who have common school educations and a real determination to win the big prizes offered in the greatest business of the twentieth century — to those who wish to qualify for positions from $25 to $100 a week, and more.

I am probably safely within facts when I say that no other business can be so thoroughly and satisfactorily taught by correspondence as advertising writing. I am also equally truthful in saying that the Powell System is in a class by itself — in its conception of possibilities, in its completeness and simplicity, and in its unquestioned superiority in developing those who begin without previous knowledge of advertising.

Many have written me saying "I read of so many prominent advertising experts who endorse your System; I have never had experience." Now while I have possibly received far more testimonials from now noted ad. writers than all other advertising instructors combined, yet every one of my staunch supporters began as a Powell student with only a keen, bright mind and a desire to be somebody — and my instruction is designed to appeal only to this class

Miss Viola Reynolds

Two of my former students have been for some time employed in the largest advertising agency in America; another is manager of a leading advertising agency in Buffalo, and his employers personally wrote me a cordial letter of public endorsement. One student went to St. Louis about a year ago as assistant advertising manager in the largest jewelry house, and three months later was promoted to the full managership where he has given absolute satisfaction, and after some twenty others had been tried and discharged. What more splendid endorsement could I offer in support of the Powell System?

The young man or woman who is looking for betterment will also be interested in the four portraits published with this recital. Mr. L. M. H. Potter, advertising manager of the Union Clothing Co., Columbus, O., has the best position in the city; Miss Viola Reynolds is advertising manager of Crosby Bros. big department store, Topeka, Kansas; and Mr. W. J. Lyman, Cripple Creek, Col., is advertising manager of the Evening Star.

E.B. McCall

To show what great good I am doing business men I call attention to the endorsement of Mr. E. B. McCall, Norman, Okla., proprietor of a large department store. All are Powell graduates who testify to the merit of my instruction — to that marvelous practical training which produces great originality and wide grasp of effective copy making.

I have published an elegant Prospectus that I shall be glad to mail free to POST readers who are interested. It is the most entertaining work of its kind ever published, and is valuable both to those looking for more salary and business men looking for more business.

Simply address me

GEORGE H. POWELL
1354 Temple Court New York

57 HEINZ 57

Do You Know HEINZ Preserves?

They really take the place of "Home-made." Choice, selected, fresh fruits, combined with granulated sugar and cooked in the "Heinz way." In glass jars or stone crocks.

You may try our Peaches, Strawberries, Cherries, Pineapple, or any other of those we make, and if you are not pleased, return them to your grocer, who will promptly refund the purchase price.

Remember HEINZ QUALITY

The name HEINZ on food products stands for purity, superiority and guaranteed satisfaction

Mailed Upon Request, beautiful booklet. Interesting, instructive. May we send it to you?

H. J. HEINZ CO.
PITTSBURGH
U. S. A.

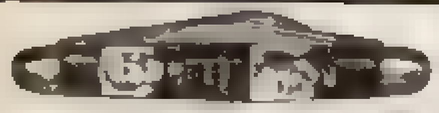
WABASH SPECIAL
STOGIES
RAUBITSCHEK BROTHERS
HAVANA
HAVANA

We ask you to try this stogie

The "Wabash Special" contains nothing but pure tobacco and is produced in Pittsburg by skilled workmen under perfectly sanitary conditions. It is a 5¼ inch hand-made, long filler, Havana stogie. Smoke one and you'll never be without them if you can help it. Mild, fragrant, satisfying and always the same. "Wabash Specials" are put up in handsome wooden boxes and reach you in perfect condition. Mail orders filled on day of receipt.

Box of 100 "Wabash Specials" $1.50. Charges prepaid. Write today to

RAUBITSCHEK BROS.
819 Wood Street Pittsburg, Pa.



Big Incomes Earned By Agents Selling

NOVELTY KNIVES

with Roosevelt & Fairbanks and Parker & Davis Pictures, also your name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc. underneath handles. Style [illegible] tempered razor steel, $1.00. Send [illegible] great Special Offer to Agents. Big profits—good com[illegible]

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio

be cut off forever if she didn't get word to him (for I don't go so far as to say that it was love for the engineer that impelled her)—when you reflect that she got the flag and waved it—I say that if that is a mere coincidence, as Burroughs would be apt to say it was—why, if that was a coincidence, then statesmen act by instinct and do not use reason."

"But," said the lady from Hartford, "how did she know that red was a danger signal? That is what I find hard to——"

"Hard to believe?" said Honest John with a kindly smile. "How did she know red was a danger signal? I can't tell you that. How does a bull know that you have a red shawl. Why are some engineers color blind? Little Rhody did know it, or she wouldn't have wasted time coming for it. There was a piece of white paper lying by the track. She might have picked that up, and a whole trainful would have been killed. I can't tell the why and wherefore. I'm no psychologist. I'm content to give the bare fact with no literature added. You just let John Burroughs tell Bill Newton that it was all a chance and I'm afraid that Burroughs would hear strong language, for Bill can't say enough that's good about Little Rhody."

"It's wonderful," said the lady from Hartford, drawing in her breath. "What did the passengers do for the bantam?"

"Well, they didn't do anything but say nice things and ejaculate. There's really not much that you can do for a hen that has all outdoors to play or work in. Little Rhody had enough to eat and drink, and she laid her four eggs a week, unless she was setting or mothering, and she needed nothing. There was a facetious passenger proposed that the company give her a life pass on the road, but no one even laughed at the suggestion. If there's anybody here doesn't believe that this is an animal story—for in a large sense a hen is an animal—he can go and look at Little Rhody to-morrow, or I'll show him the bandanna, or he can take a walk to the cut; but when it comes to animal stories I don't have to go to any books. I use my own eyes.'

⁂

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE

(Continued from Page 5)

crossties from the wagons, carrying them to the grade and dropping them into place; the sight of that steadily growing line of stubby, yellow timbers, and the sound of the rails clanking home behind him; these were the things that had it in their power to please Paul Carhart now.

The Texas and Arkansas engineers, not many hundred miles away, were working on a different system. Carhart's first move had been to inform himself about that. His task would be to lay a third of a mile more; and it was with the details of this idea that he was concerned—dry details, perhaps, but wonderfully absorbing to Paul Carhart, so absorbing that he was plunged deep in them long before the picturesque Flint and his wagons had wound away and out of sight toward the desert.

"Mr. Carhart!" came a shout from the rear.

The engineer was sighting ahead.

"Hi—Mr. Carhart!"

This time he heard it, and turned. Young Vandervelt was beckoning.

With a grimace of impatience Carhart gave a direction to the foreman of the spacing squad and walked rapidly back.

"Well," said Carhart shortly.

"Stand back there, boys!" cried Young Van. "Mr. Carhart will drive the first spike."

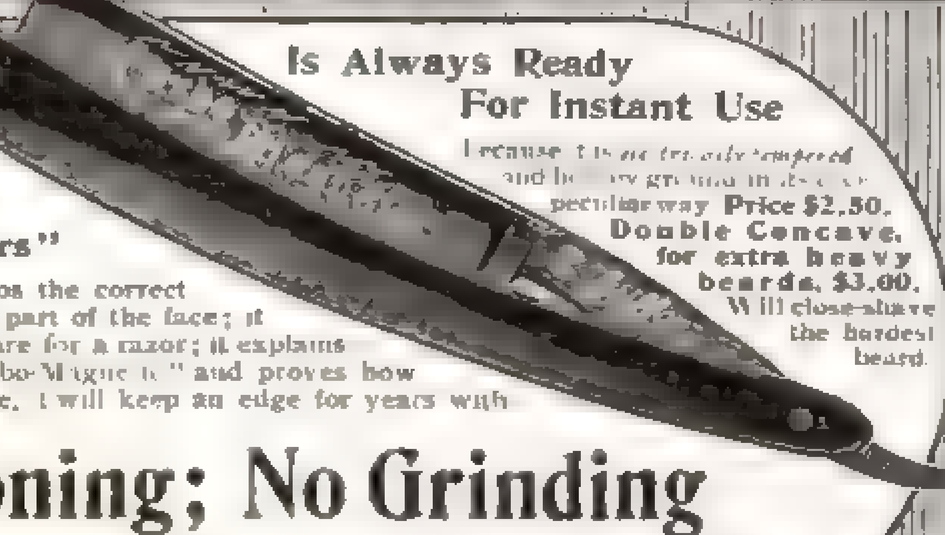
The engineer smiled at this himself. Good-naturedly he caught up a sledge, swung it over his shoulder, brought it down with a swing, and drove the spike clean home.

"There," he cried, entering into the spirit of the thing. "There, boys! That means Red Hills or bust."

Young Van led the ringing cheer that followed. Then Carhart, still smiling, walked back over the ties to his transit to a tapping clanging accompaniment of hammers on spikes. Now, he felt, the work was really begun.

Up ahead Old Van, burrowing his way through that stubborn knoll, had not even looked around.

Carhart's position, as the engineer in charge of some 400 men, was not unlike that of a regimental commander who finds himself dependent for subsistence on 500 miles of rather



THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

Is Always Ready For Instant Use

because it is so accurately tempered and [illegible] ground in its own peculiar way. Price $2.50. Double Concave, for extra heavy beards, $3.00. Will close-shave the hardest beard.

Send for Our Free Book "Hints to Shavers"

It illustrates with photos the correct razor position for every part of the face; it tells how to select and care for a razor; it explains the "why" of the "Carbo-Magnetic" and proves how with ordinary careful use, it will keep an edge for years with

No Honing; No Grinding

Buy of your dealer. He has (or can get) the Carbo-Magnetic. Show him this advertisement—don't take any other razor. If he won't get one—we will mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Money back if desired.

Firm of A. L. Silberstein, Makers of Griffon Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

"Carbo-Magnetic" Elastic Cushion Strop, $1.00 each, *at dealers or by mail, postpaid.*

Cawston California Ostrich Feathers

A FINE ostrich feather is as much of an investment as a fine diamond. Good feathers last, stand recurling, don't break, look dull nor lose their life.

Producer's Prices—No Agents

All our feather goods are sold direct at producer's prices and shipped prepaid in handsome pictorial boxes. Anything can be returned if not wanted.

Comtesse Plume, 15 inches long, [illegible] heavy head. Splendid quality; beautiful [illegible]. Better than is usually sold at $3.00. Delivered prepaid for $2.00.

Same plume 18 inches long, worth $5.00, prepaid for $3.00.

17 inch Comtesse Plume, made from the very finest black plumes of male ostrich, especially fine, strong texture. Made of extra heavy and wide [illegible]. Better than stores usually sell at $7.00. Prepaid for $5.00.

Same style [illegible] inches long, worth $15.00 at retail, delivered prepaid for $[illegible]

Great Curiosity Free. Natural feather just as taken from the ostrich, sent free with every order.

Souvenir Price List

Our price list is a souvenir of the Farm, containing many beautiful farm pictures, and fully illustrated with engravings made direct from the feathers. Contains prices of the newest style plumes, stoles, fans, tips, etc., in all grades and sizes. Sent free for 2c. to cover postage and mailing.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
The Original Home of the Ostrich in America
P. O. Box 45 South Pasadena, California

VELLASTIC UNDERWEAR

A New Kind of Undergarment that is Having a Tremendous Sale.

In the stores may be seen the new style of underwear made by the Utica Knitting Company, and known as Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear.

By reason of its low price—fifty cents a garment—and its superior quality, this line of underwear is coming into great demand.

Its elasticity, which results from its rib feature, combined with its warm fleece, make Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece especially desirable for persons whose work involves much bodily movement or exposure to the weather.

Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear always retains its shape and elasticity in washing, and the fleece its downy softness.

Women's garments are tastefully trimmed and close-fitting. Men's garments are a revelation in comfort to men who wear them for the first time. Both are fifty cents a garment.

Children's vests, pants and union suits are extra strong in the seams and joints, and very serviceable. Price twenty-five cents a separate garment, union suits fifty cents.

Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece, the trade mark, is sewed on every garment.

VELLASTIC RIBBED UTICA FLEECE
Made under Fabric Pat.603164 Apr 26'98

The Money Question

that has every one thinking nowadays is "How can I get the largest returns on my money?"

How much does your money earn?

Wouldn't you rather have 5% than only 3% or 4%? We pay

5% interest

on all money deposited here and the interest starts the day the money is received. Interest is compounded semi-annually and additional deposits can be made at any time. The capital is absolutely safe and can be withdrawn immediately.

Write for our free booklet.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
344 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

? $? $?

A Train Load of Books

Biggest book house in the country failed.

We bought its entire stock of new and up-to-date books. We will sell them to you at a discount of from 60 to 90 per cent. from the regular price. Here's your chance to add fine standard books from thousands of titles to your library in sets, series, and single vols., on history, biography, science, essays, travel, fiction, education, poetry, home medical, juvenile, religion and bibles. These are sample prices:

David Harum: Regular price, $1.50, our price 35 cents.

America's New Possessions, by Murat Halstead, [illegible] Regular price $3.50; our price 35 cents.

Dickens Complete Works, 15 vols., retail $15; our price, $2.95 while they last.

Write at once for bargain list and prices.

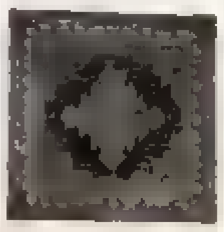
Clarkson & Cooper, Chicago
Agents can sell these books and make 200 per cent. profit

LEARN SHORTHAND

By Correspondence from Court Reporters.

We do the largest court reporting business in the world and teach the same standard system we use. We make no fake claims; we teach no fake shorthand. Write for "Success Shorthand" and copy of guaranty, sent free.

WALTON, JAMES & FORD.
Suite 30, 77-79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.25

BETTER THAN BRUSSELS

Sent to your home by Express Prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.25
9 x 7½ ft.	3.75
9 x 9 ft.	4.25
9 x 10½ ft.	4.75
9 x 12 ft.	5.25
9 x 15 ft.	6.25

Beautiful and attractive patterns, choice colorings. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used; more durable than high-priced carpets. Sold to you direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Also Importers of Persian Rugs, Portières and Lace Curtains. New Fall Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 606 Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Results

are what everybody seeks. We build of redwood and copper as a means to an end. The great point of excellence in the

PETALUMA INCUBATOR

is what it does. Its hatches are always the highest. Its plan is right, it creates natural conditions. Purely automatic and positive, absolutely dependable in all climates. Write for 1905 Incubator and Brooder catalogue. FREE.

Petaluma Incubator Co., Box 82, Petaluma, Cal. Box 51, Indianapolis, Ind.

Send for Free Incubator Book

It tells facts you must know to buy wisely. Written by the man who devoted 23 years to perfecting Racine Incubators and Brooders. Read this book before buying.

RACINE HATCHER CO., Box 98, Racine, Wis.

wobbly single railroad track. It was more serious, for not only must food and, in the desert, water be brought over the line, but also the vast quantity of material needed in the work. It was the business of the railroad company to deliver this material each day at the end of the last completed section, where the working train was made up by night for the work of the day. The delay of one train meant a halt in the work, and then followed loss of time and the difficulty of controlling idle, sulky men. The days grew hotter, water grew scarcer. On certain memorable days Young Vandervelt had to go out with wagons and buy a muddy fluid at famine prices in order to keep steam up in the engines.

Carhart talked plainly—Tiffany hurried back to Flemington and swore roundly. Still excuses were supplied more liberally than material. It was the mills back in Pennsylvania. It was slow business on connecting lines. It was the car famine. But Carhart knew better. He had faith in Tiffany, but Tiffany was but one man in a discordant organization. Railroad systems are not made in a day; and the Central of Texas was new, showing square corners where all should be polished round, developing friction between departments and bad blood between overworked men. Thus it was finally brought home to Paul Carhart that in order to keep his word he must fight not only time and the elements but also the company in whose interest he was working. As for his complaints, they would, of course, antagonize the division superintendent, a man named Peet, and the chief dispatcher at Flemington; he had reason to know that these worthies were already down on him. Ordinarily he would have made it a point to keep on friendly terms with them. But he knew, after making every attempt compatible with courtesy to impress upon them the need of regular supply, that they were not playing fairly with him. So he spoke more plainly still, and then, for the moment, things went rather better.

III—THE MEN

THINGS went better, indeed, but not for long. Within the week the wires were hot again. Finally the tie squads quit work altogether and settled down to wait for the supply train. The sight of 125 hot, thirsty laborers gambling, squabbling, cursing along the right-of-way was enough to demoralize a regiment of regulars, let alone the questionable mob in Paul Carhart's hands. He promptly sent for Old Vandervelt.

"Van," he said sharply, "give these men picks and shovels and set them grading."

It was all that could be done. Twenty-four hours of idleness would end in either a strike or a fight. Soon the iron squad followed the tie men, and before night track-laying had stopped altogether, and the whole force was at work up ahead. Carhart wired to Tiffany, who was in Flemington; Tiffany opened his mind to the general superintendent by telephone; the general superintendent conveyed similar sentiments to Peet, who explained that the train was on the way and was delayed only by the dangerous condition of the track which Carhart had been laying. Already, he said, one engine had left the track. Now, this was true, but the accident was trivial, and it had taken place not on the new track but on the old. Then, having justified his own course, and planted a seed of distrust in the mind of his superior, Peet sent off this message:

> *Mr. Paul Carhart:* Small delay due to shortage of equipment. Supply train now on way, however. Regret inconvenience, as by order of president every effort is being made to supply you regularly.
>
> I. W. PEET,
> Division Superintendent.

This was in the evening of Saturday, June fifth. Carhart stuffed the message into his pocket and went on getting the material train ready for the moment, if such a moment were really to come, when the supplies should finally roll in. Later, when all the engineers were together in their tent, he handed it to Old Vandervelt. "Interesting, isn't it!" said he. "You notice he doesn't say how long the train has been on the way. It may not get here for thirty-six hours yet."

"Suppose it doesn't," put in Scribner, "what are we going to do with the men?"

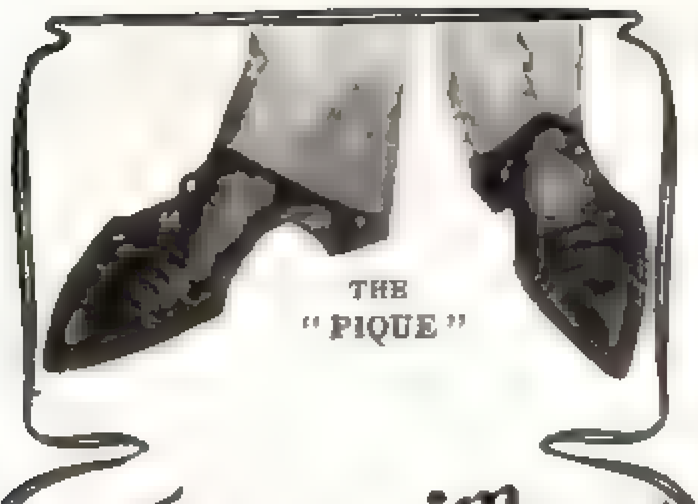
"Keep them grading," said Carhart shortly.

"But ——"

"Well, what is it? This is a council of war—speak out."

"Just this. Scraping and digging is thirsty work in this sun, and we haven't water enough for another half-day."

"Young Van is due with water."



THE "PIQUE"

The Florsheim SHOE

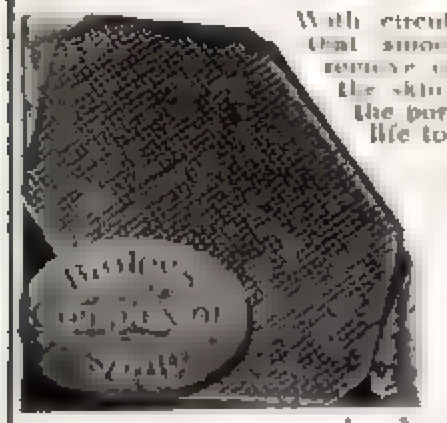
The Florsheim is the essence of shoe satisfaction—a shoe that conforms perfectly to the foot's every line, bench-made, with the shape that stays, faultless in its style, grateful in its comfort.

Made of *specially* selected damp proof leather, on over 200 different styles of foot-form lasts, the Florsheim is a delight to the man who is looking for perfect foot-wear. We can fit almost any shape of foot.

Most Florsheim styles sell for $5.00. You cannot get more style, more comfort, no matter what you pay.

FREE. Write for our booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting." [illegible] interest every shoe wearer. If you cannot get the Florsheim at your dealer's, send us his name and we will make a pair specially for you.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.



It's the Flat-Ended Teeth

With circular biting edges, that smooth out wrinkles, remove coat tans, cleanse the skin to the teeth, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body.

Bailey's Rubber Brushes

Are all made this way. It's the right way. Millions in use. Bailey's name on every brush. Accept no others. Beware of imitations. (Agents wanted.)

Found at All Dealers, or sent on Receipt of Price

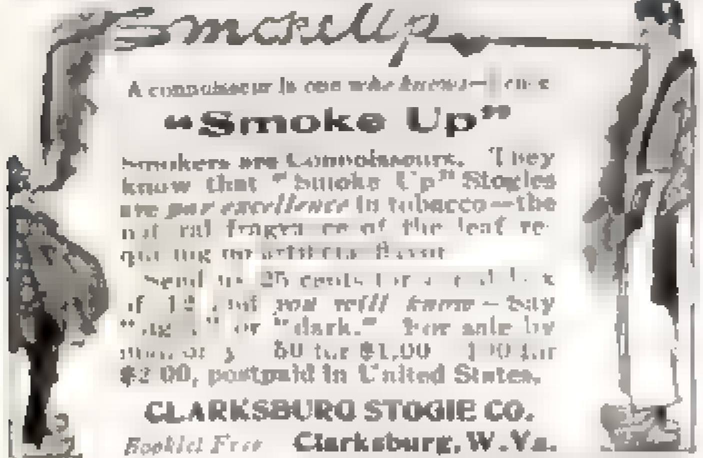
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	$ .50
Bailey's Complexion Soap	.10
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large)	.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Bailey's Rubber Glove Cleaner	.10

PAT. APPLIED FOR
BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 25c. No. 2 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

At dealers or sent on receipt of price. Catalog free.

C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



Smoke Up

A connoisseur is one who knows—[illegible]

"Smoke Up"

Smokers are Connoisseurs. They know that "Smoke Up" Stogies are *par excellence* in tobacco—the natural fragrance of the leaf requiring no artificial flavor.

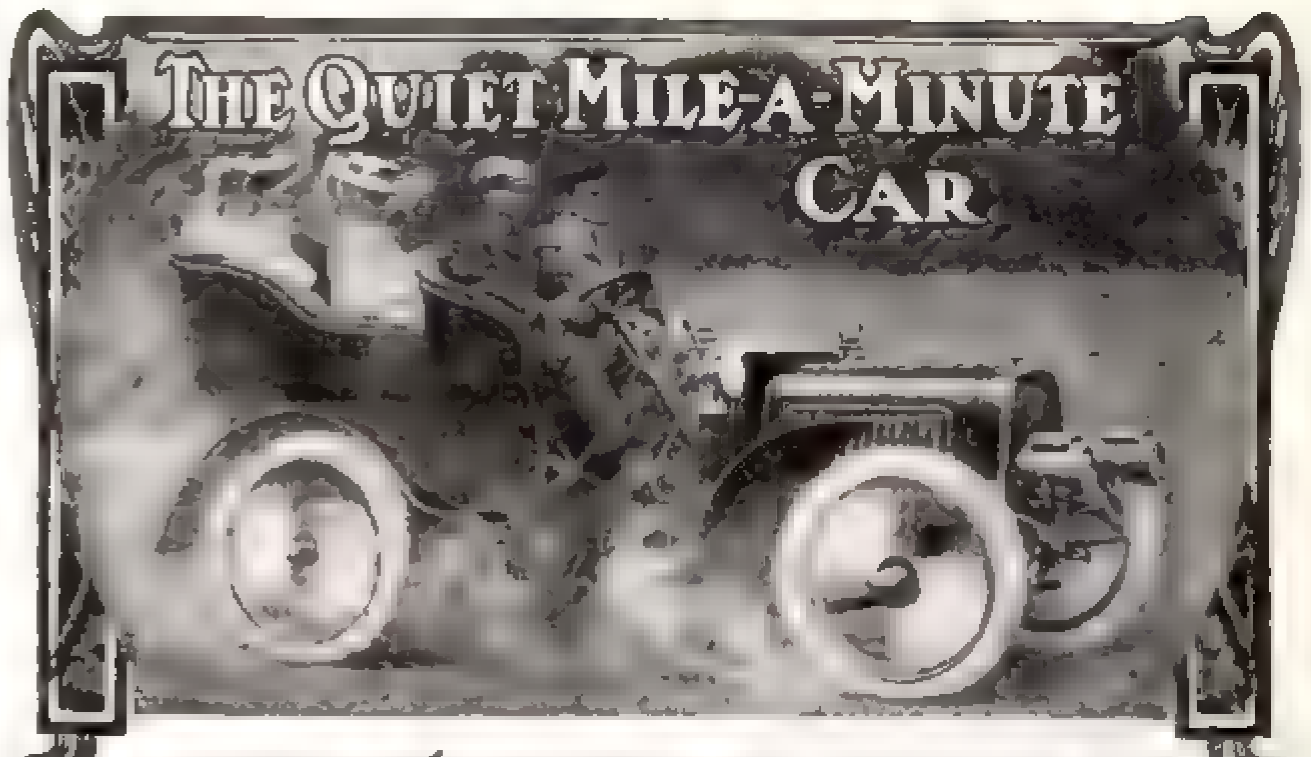
Send us 25 cents for a trial box of 12 and *you will know*—say "light" or "dark." For sale by mail only: 50 for $1.00. 100 for $2.00, postpaid in United States.

CLARKSBURG STOGIE CO.
Booklet Free Clarksburg, W. Va.

BIG CLEARING SALE TYPEWRITERS

Fifty cents on the dollar. Over one [illegible] Easy Pay [illegible] machines taken in exchange. We [illegible] and sell them. Less than [illegible] Supplies at half price. [illegible]

Pay-Shoies Co., 194 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.



Type VI "POPE-Toledo" TOURING CAR

The above picture shows the new Type VI 24 H. P. POPE-TOLEDO Touring Car in action. Price fully equipped $3,500. October deliveries. Buy now and enjoy the fine fall riding.

IN EVERY endurance, speed or hill-climbing event of any importance POPE-TOLEDO Touring Cars have proven themselves the peer of all, irrespective of weight, price or power.

At the Buffalo races, August 12th and 13th, regular stock model, carrying four passengers, won over all competitors, making five miles in 6:40 on a circular track. At Cleveland the next week the regular stock car made five miles with passengers in 5:44.

At the Cleveland meet our regular 24 H. P. car stripped made a mile in 1:07 2-5.

At the Minneapolis races during the week of August 15th, our regular stock car won over all competitors, and at Detroit, August 26th and 27th, POPE-TOLEDO regular stock models again defeated all competitors. In the great endurance run, New York to St. Louis, our regular 24 H. P. stock car went through without changing water, without repairs of any kind, and was first to reach all controls.

"Pope-Toledo Limousine"

We have compiled a little booklet containing details of all the events from the time of the endurance contest last November up to the present in which POPE-TOLEDO cars have excelled, and which we will be pleased to send you with catalogue and name of our agent in your city, on request.

POPE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 3058 Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

DE POTTER TOURS

Limited Conducted Party to the
ORIENT
sails Jan'y 28. First class. $840 and upwards. Programme free.
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"Yes, he is due, Mr. Carhart, but you told him not to come back without it, and he won't."

"Wait—listen!" Outside, in the night voices sounded and the creaking of wagons. "Here he is now," said Carhart.

Into the dim light before the open tent stepped a dusty figure. His face was thin and drawn; his hair, of the same dust color as his clothing, straggled down over his forehead below his broad hat. He nodded at the waiting group, threw off his hat, unslung his army canteen, and sank down exhausted on the first cot.

Old Van, himself seasoned timber and unable to recognize the limitations of the human frame, spoke impatiently. "Well, Gus, how much did you get?"

"Fourteen barrels."

"Fourteen barrels!" The other men exchanged glances.

"Why—why——" sputtered the elder brother, "that's not enough for the engines."

"It's all we can get."

"Why didn't you look farther."

It was Young Van's turn to show impatience. "You'd better look at the mules," he replied simply enough. "I had to drive them"—he fumbled at his watch—"an even twenty-two hours to get back to-night." And he added, in a whimsical manner that was strange to him, "I paid two dollars a barrel, too."

Carhart was watching him closely. "Did you have any trouble with your men, Gus?" he asked.

Young Van nodded, but did not trouble to explain further. After a moment, during which his eyes were closed and his muscles relaxed, he gathered his faculties, lighted a cigarette and rose.

"Hold on, Gus," said Carhart. "What are you going to do?"

"Bring the barrels up by our tent here. It isn't safe to leave them on the wagons. The men—some of them—aren't standing it well. Some are most crazy." He interrupted himself with a short laugh. "Hanged if I blame them."

"You go to bed, Gus," said the chief. "I'll look after the water."

But Young Van broke away from the restraining hand and went out.

Half a hundred laborers were grouped around the water wagons in oppressive silence. Vandervelt hardly gave them a glance.

"Dimond," he called, "where are you?"

A man came sullenly out of the shadows.

"Take a hand here—roll these barrels in by Mr. Carhart's tent." A murmur spread through the group. More men were crowding up behind. But the engineer gave his orders incisively, in a voice that offered no encouragement to insubordination. "You two there, go over to the train and fetch some skids. I want a dozen men to help Dimond—you—you——" Rapidly he told them off. "The rest of you get away from here—quick."

"What you goin' to do with that water?" The voice rose from the thick of the crowd. It drew neither explanation nor reproof from Young Van; but his manner as he turned his back and pausing only to light another cigarette, went rapidly to work discouraged the laborers, and in groups of two and three they drifted off to their quarters.

The men worked rapidly, for the youngest engineer on the job had a way of taking hold himself, lending a hand here or shoulder there, and giving low, sharp orders which the stupidest men never misunderstood. As they rolled the barrels along the sides of the tent and stood them on end between the guy ropes Paul Carhart stood by, a map rolled in his hand, and watched his assistant. He took it all in—the cowed, angry silence of the men, the unfailing authority of the engineer. No one felt the situation more keenly than Carhart, but he had set his worries aside for the moment to observe the methods of the younger man. Once he caught himself nodding with approval. And then, when he was about to turn away and resume his study at the table beneath the lantern, an odd scene took place. The work was done. Vandervelt stood wiping his forehead with a handkerchief which had darkened from white to rich gray. The laborers had gone; but Dimond remained.

"That's all, Dimond," said Vandervelt.

But the man lingered.

"Well, what do you want?"

"It's about this water. The boys want to know if they ain't to have a drink to-night."

"No, not to-night," replied Young Van.

"But—but——" Dimond hesitated.

"Wait a minute," said Van abruptly. He entered the tent, found his canteen where he

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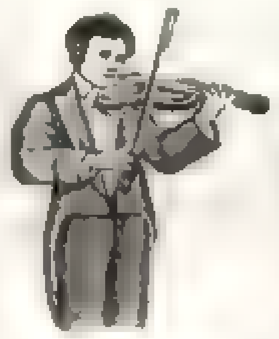

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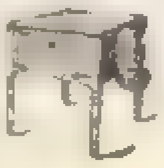

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had dropped it, brought it out and handed it to Dimond.

"This is my canteen. It's all I have a right to give anybody. Now, shut up and get out."

Dimond swung the canteen over his shoulder and disappeared without a word.

"Gus," said Paul Carhart quietly.

"Oh! I didn't see you there."

"Wasn't that something of a gallery play?"

"No, it wasn't—not at all. It will show them that we are dealing squarely with them. I had a deuce of a time on the ride, and Dimond really tried, I think, to keep the men within bounds. They are children, you know—children with whisky throats added—and they can't stand it as we can."

Young Van was overwrought, worn out, and Carhart looked at him almost paternally. For the turbulent laborers he felt less sympathy. At his start he had been bothered by the usual, and natural, humanitarian view of the labor problem; but during the years his outlook had narrowed from all humanity to the problems of engineering, from general problems to the job in hand. He was now flatly an opportunist. Gangs of laborers were, he found, like hands at whist, no two alike; and he never played them alike.

"Gus," he said, taking the boy's arm and drawing him toward the tent, "it's time you got to sleep. I shall need you to-morrow."

The other engineers were still sitting about the table talking in low tones. Carhart rejoined them. Young Van dropped on his cot and fell asleep with his boots on.

"Old Van is telling how the pay-slips came in to-day," said Scribner.

Carhart nodded. "Go ahead." He had found the laborers, headed by the Mexicans, so impossibly deliberate in their work that he had planned out a system of paying by the piece. When the whistle blew, noon and night, each man was handed a slip stating the amount due him. At the end of the week the slips were to be cashed, and to-day the first payment had been made. "Go ahead," he repeated. "How much did it cost us?"

"About seventy-five dollars more than last week," replied Old Van. "So that, on the whole, we got a little more work out of them. But here's what happened. When the whistle blew and I got out my satchel nobody came. I called to a couple of them to hurry up if they wanted their pay, but they shook their heads. Finally, just two men came up and handed in all the slips."

"Two men!" exclaimed Carhart.

"Yes. One was the cook, Jack Flagg. He had fully two-thirds of the slips. The other was his assistant, the one they call Charlie. He had the rest. I called some of the laborers up and asked what it meant, but they said it was all right that way."

"So you gave them the whole pay-roll?"

"Every cent."

Carhart frowned. "That won't do," he said. "It won't do at all. If it was anybody but Flagg I would discharge him to-night. A man who can clean out the camp in less than a week will breed more trouble than a water famine."

"Well," replied Old Van impatiently, "why don't you discharge him? Say the word, Paul, and I'll throw him off the job."

Carhart shook his head. "Show me another man who can cook as well, and I'll do it."

"Why not prohibit gambling?" Scribner suggested. Carhart shook his head again. This opened up the question of meddling with what men call their rights.

There was little more to be said, so the council came to a close. Scribner went promptly to sleep. Old Van joined him, and then, for an hour, Paul Carhart sat alone, his elbows on the box-table, his map of the line spread out before him. Outside, in the night, something had stirred. He extinguished his lantern and listened. Cautious steps were approaching behind the row of tents. A moment more and he heard a man stumble over a tent peg and swear aloud.

Carhart stepped out at the rear of the tent and stood waiting. Four or five shadowy figures slipped into view, caught sight of him and paused. While they stood huddled together he made out a pair of broad shoulders towering above the group. There was only one such pair in the camp, and they belonged to the cook, Jack Flagg.

The silence lasted only a moment. Then without speaking, the men broke and ran back into the darkness.

Carhart waited. When the camp was silent he gathered up his bedding, carried out his cot, laid it across the water barrels, and went to sleep there in the open air.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Vol. 1 NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1904 No. 1

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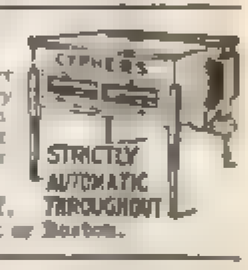

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References: Treasury Trust Co., Pittsburg, and First National Bank, McKeesport.

Science at Heart's Desire

(Concluded from Page 7)

he got them all off, so close together one saddle blanket would have done for the whole bunch. Say, man, that was a fine start.

"Along with oats and ostypathy, old Pinto he come out on the track that day just standin' on the edges of his feet, he was feelin' that fine. We put José Santa Maria Trujillo, one of our lightest boys, up on Pinto for to ride him. Now a Greaser ain't got no sense. It was that fool boy José that busted up modern science on the Bar T.

"I was tellin' you that there horse was ostypathed, so to speak, plumb to a razor edge, and I was sayin' that he went off on a even start. Then what did he do? Run? No, he didn't *run*. He just sort of passed away from the place where he started at. Our Greaser he sees the race is all over, and like any fool cowpuncher he must get frisky. Comin' down the homestretch, only needin' about one more jump — for it ain't above a quarter of a mile — José he stands up in his stirrups and pulls off his hat, and just whangs old Pinto over the head with it, friendly like, to show him there ain't no coldness.

"We never did rightly know what happened at that time. The Greaser admits he may have busted off the fastenin' of that single blinder down Pinto's nose. Anyhow, Pinto runs a few short jumps, and then stops, lookin' troubled. The next minute he hides his face on the Greaser, an' there is a glimpse of sunlight on the bottom of José's moccasins. Next minute after that Pinto is up in the grandstand among the ladies, and there he sits down in the lap of the Governor's wife, which was among those present.

"There was time, even then, to lead him down and over the line, but before we could think of that he falls to buckin' sincere an' conscientious up there among the benches, and if he didn't jar his osshus structure a heap then it wasn't no fault of his'n. We all run up in front of the grandstand, and stood lookin' up at Pinto, and him the maddest, scaredest, cross-eyedest horse I ever did see in all my life. His single blinder was swingin' loose under his neck. His eyes was right white and mean, and the Mexican Saints only knows which way he *was* a lookin'.

"So there we was," went on Curly with another sigh, "all Socorro sayin' bright and cheerful things to the Bar T, and us plumb broke, and far, far from home.

"We roped Pinto, and led him home behind the wagon, forty miles over the sand, by the soft, silver light of the moon. There wasn't a horse or saddle left in our *rodeo*, and we had to ride on the grub wagon, which you know is a disgrace to any gentleman that wears spurs. Pinto he was the gayest one in the lot. I reckon he allowed he'd been Queen of the May. Every time he saw a jack-rabbit or a bunch of sage brush he'd snort and take a *pasear* sideways as far as the rope would let him go.

"'The patient seems to be still laborin' under great cerebral excitation,' says the Doc., which was likewise on the wagon. 'I ought to have had a year on him,' says he, despondent like.

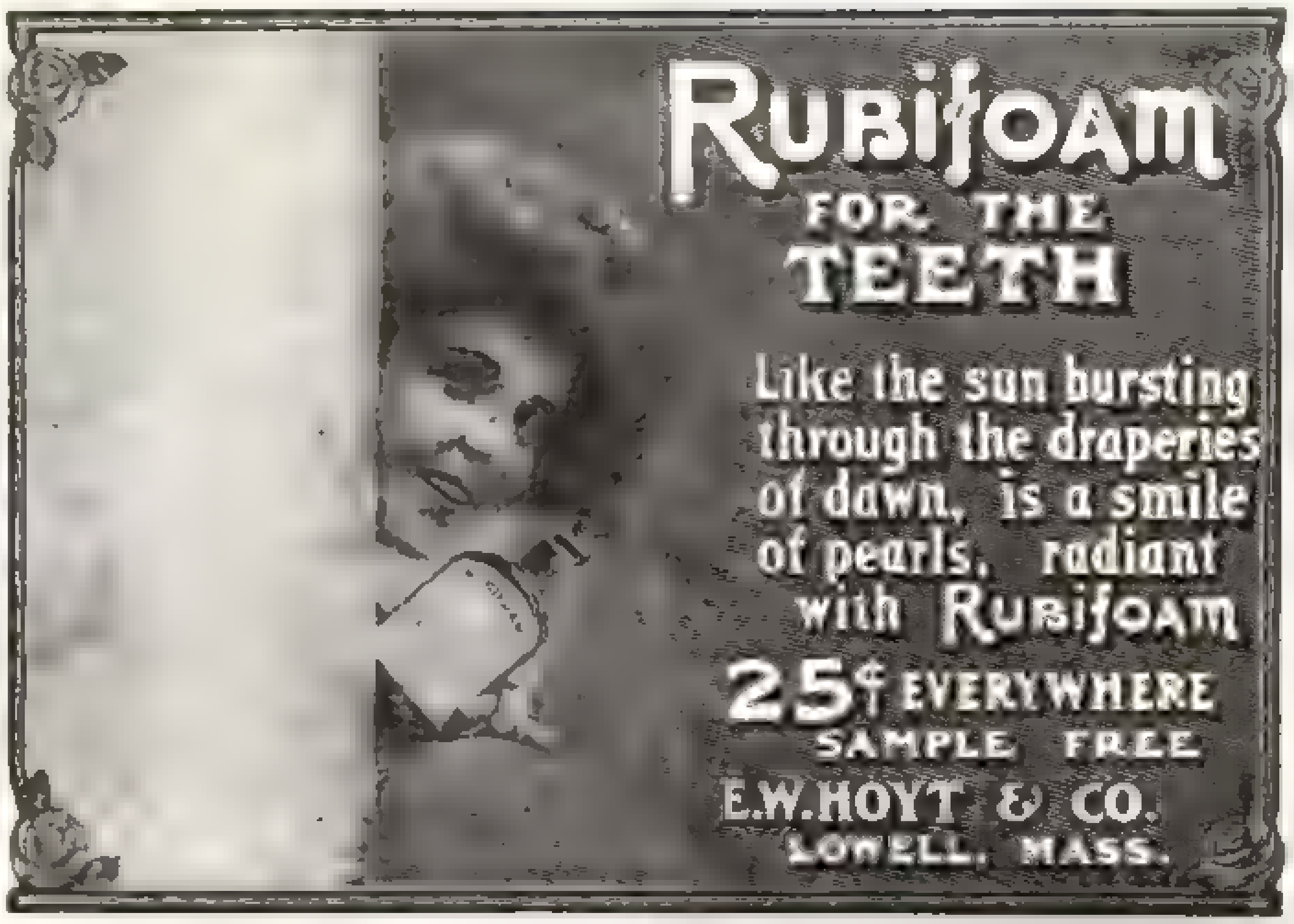
"'Shut up,' says Tom Redmond to the Doc. 'Blame you, I'd shoot up your own osshus structure plenty,' says he, 'if I hadn't bet my gun on that horse race.'

"Well, we got home, the wagon-load of us, in the mornin' some time, every one of us ashamed to look the cook in the face, and hopin' the boss was away from home. But he wasn't. He looks at us, and says he:

"'Is this a sheep outfit I see before me, or is it the remnants of the former cow camp on the Bar T?' He was right sarcastic. 'Doc.,' says he, 'explain this here to me.' But the Doc., he couldn't. Says the boss to him at last, 'The *right* time to do the explainin' is before the hoss race is over, and not after,' says he. 'That's the only kind of science that goes hereafter on the Bar T,' says he.

"I reckon the boss was feelin' a little riled, because he had two hundred on Pinto hisself," said Curly. "But, after all, what he said about science was pretty good, too."

"About Doc.? Why, we give him Pinto. Last we saw of them they was fadin' away down the range together, him ridin' Pinto. But we never did cross their sign in that country after that, and don't know where they went to. The boss allowed maybe the Doc. wanted to go back East, but unless he was able to do something more for Pinto's osshus structure, the chances are that they turned up in South America."



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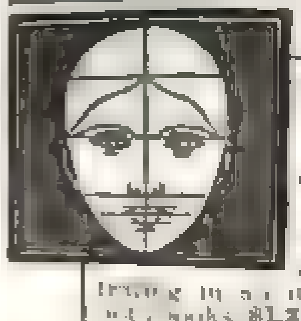

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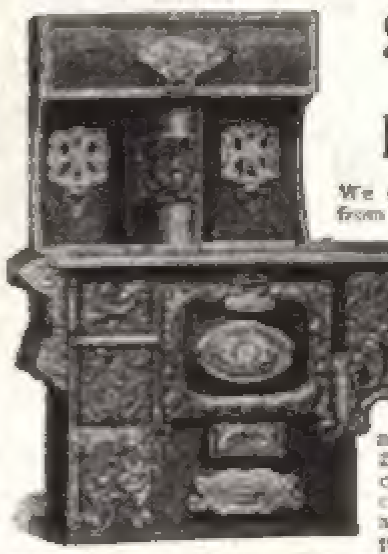

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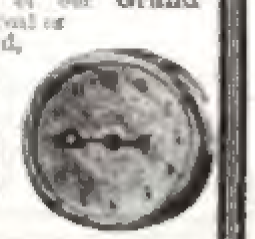

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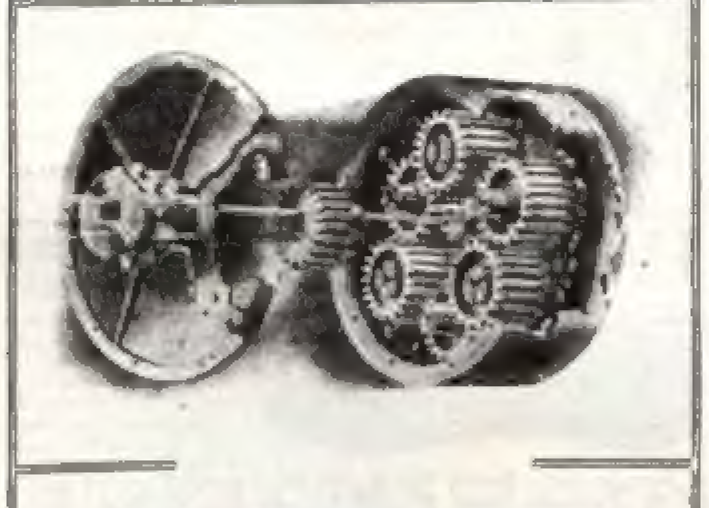

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THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 21)

Candidly, Peggy, I *had* to look at it, because I — well, I *didn't* quite trust you, Peggy. And now we're going to burn this interesting paper, you and I."

"Wait!" Margaret cried. "Ah, wait just a moment, Billy!"

He glanced up at her in surprise, the paper still poised in his hand.

She sat with head drooped forward, her masculine little chin thrust out eagerly, her candid eyes transparently appraising him.

"Why are you going to burn it, Billy?"

"Why?" Mr. Woods repeated thoughtfully. "Well, for a variety of reasons. First is, that Uncle Fred really did leave his money to you, and burning this is the only way of making sure you get it. Why, I thought you wanted me to burn it! Last time I saw you ——"

"I was in a temper," said Margaret haughtily. "You ought to have seen that."

"Yes, I — er — noticed it," Mr. Woods admitted with some dryness; "but it wasn't only temper. You've grown accustomed to the money. You'd miss it now — miss the pleasure it gives you, miss the power it gives you. You'd never be content to go back to the old life now. Why, Peggy, you yourself told me you thought money the greatest thing in the world! It has changed you, Peggy, this — ah, well!" said Billy, "we won't talk about that. I'm going to burn it because that's the only honorable thing to do."

"It may be honorable, but it's *extremely* silly," Margaret temporized, "and, for my part, I'm very, very glad God had run out of a sense of honor when He created the woman."

"Phrases don't alter matters. Ready, Peggy?"

"Ah, no, phrases don't alter matters!" she assented, with a quick lift of speech. "You're going to destroy that will, Billy Woods, simply because you think I'm a horrid, mercenary, selfish *pig*. Well, you have every right to think so, after the way I've behaved. But why not tell me that is the real reason?"

Billy raised his hand in protest. "I — I think you might miss it," he conceded. "Yes, I think you would miss it."

"Listen!" said Margaret quickly. "The money is yours now — by my act. You say you — care for me. If I am the sort of woman you think me — I don't say I am, and I don't say I'm not — but, thinking me that sort of woman, don't you think I'd — I'd marry you for the asking if you kept the money? Don't you think you're losing every chance of me by burning that will? Oh, I'm not standing on conventionalities now! Don't you think that, Billy?"

She was tempting him to the uttermost; and her heart was sick with fear lest he might yield. This was the Eagle's last battle; and recreant Love fought with the Eagle against poor Billy, who had only his honor to help him.

"Yes," said Billy gravely — "forgive me if I'm wrong, dear, but — I do think that. But, you see, you don't care for me, Peggy. So I'm going to burn the paper, dear."

Margaret bowed her head. Had she ever known happiness before? "It is not very flattering to me," she said, "but it shows that you — care — a great deal. You care enough to — let me go. Ah — yes. You may burn it now, Billy."

And promptly he tossed it into the flames. For a moment it lay unharmed; then the edges caught and crackled and blazed, and their heads drew near together as they watched it burn.

There (thought Billy) is the end! Ah, ropes, daggers and poisons! there is the end! Oh, Peggy, Peggy, if you could only have loved me! if only this accursed money hadn't spoiled you so utterly! Billy was quite properly miserable over it.

But he raised his head with a smile. "And now," said he — and not without a little, little bitterness; "if I have any right to advise you, Peggy, I — I think I'd be more careful in the future as to how I used the money. You've tried to do good with it, I know. But every good cause has its parasites. Don't trust entirely to the Haggages and Jukesburys, Peggy, and — and don't desert the good ship Philanthropy because there are a few barnacles on it, dear."

"You make me awfully tired," Miss Hugonin observed, as she rose to her feet. "How do you suppose I'm going to do anything for Philanthropy or any other cause

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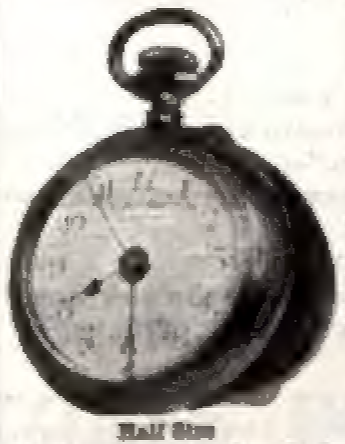

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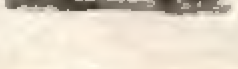

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when I haven't a penny in the world? You see, you've just burned the last will Uncle Fred ever made—the one that left everything to me. The one in your favor was probated, or proved, or whatever they call it, a week ago."

I think Billy was surprised.

"Listen! I told you I burned the other will. I started to burn it. But I was afraid to, because I didn't know what they could do to me if I did. So I put it away in my little handkerchief-box—and if you'd had a *grain* of sense you'd have noticed the orris on it. And you made me promise not to take any steps in the matter till you got well. I knew you would. So I had already sent that second will—sent it before I promised you—to Hunston Wyke—he's my lawyer now, you know—and I've heard from him, and he has probated it."

Billy was making various irrelevant sounds.

"And I brought that other will to you, and if you didn't choose to examine it more carefully I'm sure it wasn't my fault. I kept my word like a perfect gentleman and took no step *whatever* in the matter."

Margaret faced him defiantly. Billy was in a state of considerable perturbation.

"Why have you done this?" he asked slowly. But a lucent something—half fear, half gladness—was wakening in Billy's eyes.

And her eyes answered him. But her tongue was far less veracious.

"Because you thought I was a *pig!* Because you couldn't make allowances for a girl who for four years has seen nothing but money and money worshipers and the power of money! Because I wanted your—your respect, Billy. And you thought I couldn't give it up! Now I hope you know better. *Don't you dare get up, Billy Woods!*"

"Peggy," babbled Billy; "ah, forgive me if I'm a presumptuous ass—but was it because you knew I couldn't ask you to marry me so long as you had the money?"

She dallied with her bliss. Margaret was on the other side of the table.

"Why—why, of course, it wasn't!" she panted. "What nonsense!"

"Look at me, Peggy!"

"I don't want to! You look like a fright with your head all tied up."

"Peggy . . . this exercise is bad for an invalid."

"I—oh, please, sit down! *Please*, Billy! It *is* bad for you."

"Not until you tell me——"

"But I *don't!* . . . Oh, you make me *awfully* tired."

"Peggy, don't you dare stamp your foot at me! . . . Peggy!"

"*Please* sit down! Now . . . well, there's my hand, stupid, if you *will* be silly. Now, sit down here—so, with your head leaned back on this nice little cushion because it's good for your poor head—and I'll sit on this nice little footstool and be quite, quite honest. No, you must lean back—I don't care if you can't see me—I'd much rather you couldn't. Well, the truth is—no, you *must* lean back—the truth is—I've loved you all my life, Billy Woods, and—no, not *yet*, Billy—and if you hadn't been the stupidest beautiful in the universe you'd have seen it long ago. You—you needn't—lean back—any longer, Billy. . . . Oh, Billy, why *didn't* you shave?"

. . . .

"She *is* skinny, isn't she, Billy?"

"Now, Peggy, you mustn't abuse Kathleen. She's a friend of mine."

"But that doesn't prevent her being skinny, does it?"

"Now, Peggy——"

"Please, Billy! *Please* say she's skinny!"

"Er—well, she's a bit thin, perhaps."

"You angel."

. . . .

"And you're quite sure you've forgiven me for doubting you?"

"And you've forgiven *me?*"

"Bless you, Peggy, I never doubted you! I've been too busy loving you."

"It seems to me as if it had been—*always.*"

"Why, didn't we love one another in Carthage, Peggy?"

"I think it was in Babylon, Billy."

"And will love one another——?"

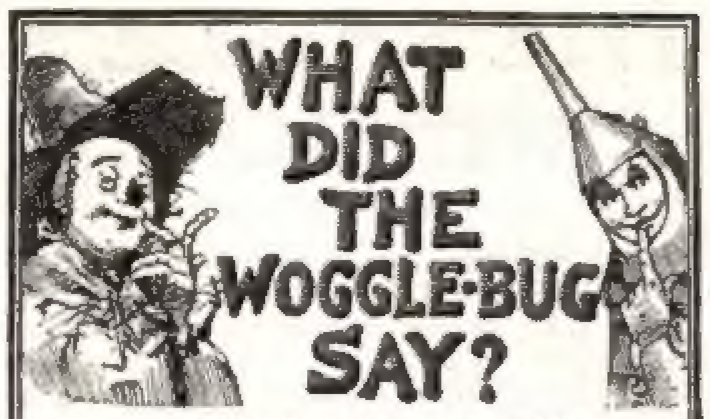
"Forever and ever, dear. You've been to seek a wife, Billy boy."

"And oh, the dimple in her chin . . ."

. . . .

Ah, well! There was a deal of foolish prattle there in the firelight—delectable prattle irresponsible as the chattering of birds after a storm. And I fancy that the Eagle's shadow is lifted from Selwoode now that Love has taken up his abode there.

(THE END)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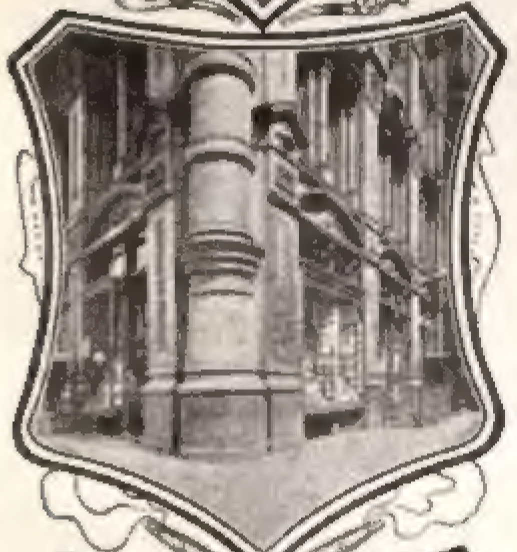

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